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The Nation

Vol. CVII NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1918 No. 2772

The Week

THE war with Russia has begun. The fact that the reported declaration of the Lenine Government is explained as a declaration of a state of defence rather than of war does not affect the essential nature of the situation. It is a condition and not a theory that confronts us, for an American force has landed at Archangel, another will shortly appear, if it has not already appeared, at Vladivostok, and the two expeditions, with additional forces furnished by the Allies and Japan, are expected to advance from the seacoast towards the interior. Such is the regrettable pass to which our efforts to "help Russia" have come. The Russians, at least, are not likely to be deceived. No high-sounding protestations of disinterestedness on the part of the United States and the Allies, no self-denying assurances regarding the alienation of territory or interference in Russia's internal affairs, can hide the fact that the democracy for which the world is to be made safe, along with the right of national self-determination which a Russian revolutionary Government was the first to proclaim, are now to be offered to the Russian people with the backing of military force. Nor will any one anywhere be deceived as to the object which the Allied Governments have in view. Every one knows that American and British and Japanese troops are being sent to Russia, not with the sole purpose of restoring Russia to economic health and enabling it to perfect such form of government as it desires without German interference, but primarily with the object of bringing Russia back into the war on the Allied side. Whether or not Russia wishes to fight again on either side is not, apparently, the question which has weighed most with Washington and Tokio.

HOW different the Russian situation might have been to-day will not be fully known until the whole story of the part which the United States has played during the past year shall have been told. When it is told, however, it is likely to reveal on the part of Washington an uncertainty of aim, an ineptitude in performance, and a complacent indifference to evidence the like of which, we venture to think, is not easily found. For months the question of "helping Russia" was dallied with. In spite of the fact that the fundamental weakness of the Kerensky régime was easily to be learned, and that the restoration of that régime was extremely unlikely, the Administration continued to give quasi-diplomatic recognition to a former Russian Ambassador who represented the Kerensky Government if he represented anything, and put no check upon the operations of a publicity bureau which was filling the American press with partisan appeals for intervention. With the calamity of the Root Commission as an object-lesson, competent observers who had studied the political and economic condition of Russia on the spot were repeatedly refused official audience, and when in some cases they spoke out, it was only to be set down as "pro-Germans" or "Bolsheviki" by the "patriotic" press. No recognition of any sort was accorded to any Government in Russia, and the whole course of diplomatic negotiations with Japan and the Allies was shrouded in mystery until the plans for joint military intervention were complete. What is worse, the trade revival which of itself might have prevented Russia from falling into the hands of Germany might have been begun, and the necessary supplies called for by the pressing need of the population for food and clothing might have been introduced, at any time within the past five months through the Red Cross, but nothing has been done. Will there be any ground for wonder if the Russian people suspect some other motive than that of democratic benevolence in the military campaign which they are now asked to welcome?

THE news from France continues surpassingly fine. In four weeks the whole aspect of the military side of the war has changed. It is hard not to read the news and give oneself over to outright exultation. But as General March, our Chief of Staff, warns us, we must not believe the war over. What it does mean is that the initiative has clearly passed to the Allies, that it begins to look as if the German army had really passed its maximum as a fighting machine, that the Germans are rapidly losing the ground they gained by their costly offensives of the spring and early summer, and that the profound dejection in Berlin after the Crown Prince's defeat, which the *Tageblatt* described as unparalleled in its depression and pessimism, will be greatly heightened. Foch has taken several leaves out of Ludendorff's book, and the latest is to let one attack follow right after another. It would not be surprising if he should strike in Flanders next. What is particularly cheering is the fact that the British have recovered sufficiently in the region of their severest defeat to assume the initiative in conjunction with French troops. The French, be it noted, are still the backbone of the Allied forces and the mainstay of Foch's latest attacks. When we recall that less than a month ago Rheims and Amiens seemed lost, Paris was in the greatest danger, and that a leading French general had stated that a British offensive could not be hoped for in two years, the entire reversal of fortune which has taken place is as dramatic and complete as that which occurred after the first battle of the Marne—and more than that one cannot say.

TRUE, in the Compiègne section the Germans are still only fifty-five miles from Paris. But they cannot hold here very long if the Allies carry on much further. "The first defeat," the imperialistic *Deutsche Tageszeitung* calls this sudden rush, with practically no artillery preparation whatever, on the twenty-five-mile line from near Albert to Montdidier. It began on Thursday, after the successful assembling of troops at night without observation by the enemy, whose fliers do not seem to have appeared in force for twenty-four hours. French, Canadian, Australian, and English troops were the attackers. On Friday 17,000 prisoners and more than 200 captured guns were reported, and the Allies were between ten and twelve miles from their starting-

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point—a rate of progress unequalled in any other 1918 offensive. For this and the overwhelming surprise—German soldiers were taken while harvesting well behind the lines—the tanks are given the credit by both sides; they are plainly becoming a more and more important war factor. On Saturday Montdidier fell into the hands of the Allies after five months of German occupation, and the booty rose to 400 guns and 24,000 prisoners, which figures may, it appears at this writing, rise to 40,000. On Sunday the Allied progress seemed checked by determined resistance, with the Germans holding tenaciously to the Chaulnes-Roye-Noyon line, realizing plainly the gravity of their situation. Altogether it is a magnificent stroke by Haig and Foch and a blow at Von Hutier's reputation as a bold and skilful commander from which he will hardly recover.

THE outcome of the Malvy trial, while perhaps satisfactory on the whole to the accused, can hardly be regarded as a brilliant achievement by M. Clemenceau and his Government. Malvy has been sentenced to banishment for five years, but without loss of civil rights, and with the further mitigation of being permitted to choose the frontier by which he will leave France. It is reported that he has sought asylum in Spain. Malvy's defence was in general that of confession and avoidance. He knew of the defeatist propaganda, but shielded its promoters and kept the movement from the public in order not to agitate public opinion unduly and destroy "the unity of France." Moreover, he acted throughout in accord with the general policy of the Government. It seems clear, from the meagre reports of the trial available at this writing, that the argument did not greatly impress the Senate, and it certainly was not sustained by the evidence. The mitigation of punishment was doubtless due to political and personal considerations, for a fuller understanding of which we may have to wait until the trial of Caillaux. The French press gives the verdict only moderate praise, but urges the country to accept it as a sufficient vindication of M. Clemenceau's course. There is some disposition, however, to criticise the Senate, sitting as a High Court, for exceeding its strict constitutional functions and usurping sovereign power, on the ground that, after dropping the earlier charges against Malvy, it nevertheless proceeded to try him on other charges without first referring the new allegations to the Senate for renewed consideration and mandate.

WE are glad to observe that the policy of drastic restriction of trade with present enemy countries after the war, which has been strongly advocated in a number of recent reports of committees of the British Board of Trade, is meeting with sharp criticism from the Liberal press and is by no means unanimously approved even in departmental circles. The London *Daily News*, for example, reminds Mr. Lloyd George that it is idle for him or any other statesman to maintain "that the spirit underlying a league of nations is reconcilable with the spirit underlying and inspiring the protective tariff," and that "we must choose one or the other." A departmental committee on the coal trade, in a report lately published, recommends that all restrictions on the export of coal, whether to Germany or elsewhere, be removed as soon as possible after the war. It goes further and urges that no restriction save that of a license be placed upon the ownership or working of mineral deposits by aliens, provided that reciprocal privileges are accorded to British subjects in foreign countries. The report points out that if trade with Germany, Austria, and Turkey were to cease, the Allies would lose important supplies of coal and coke which were drawn from those countries before the war, and which, if a discriminating policy were adopted, would have to be made good for a number of years by the Allies and the United States. This common-sense view of the matter is entirely in accord with President Wilson's declared policy and is the one which it is to be hoped will ultimately prevail with the Allies as well as with the United States.

IN refusing the application of Mr. Arthur Henderson and others for passports to Switzerland, the British Government has taken a grave step. Mr. Henderson is the secretary of the British Labor party. One of his associates, Mr. Charles W. Bowerman, is the secretary of the Trade Union Congress. Included in the refusal are other members of the House of Commons. The purpose of the proposed journey was to confer with Pieter Troelstra, the Dutch Socialist leader, concerning certain letters which Mr. Henderson has lately received from a number of Continental Socialists and labor leaders in regard to the proposed international conference at Berne. Mr. Henderson, who has favored the holding of a conference to which delegates from the Central Powers, as well as from Allied and neutral countries, should be invited, is a stanch supporter of the war and has repeatedly declared that the holding of such a conference means no surrender of any of the principles for which the British Labor party stands. The Government, however, having a few weeks ago refused to allow Mr. Troelstra to come to England, now declines to allow Mr. Henderson and his associates "to meet persons abroad who have passed through enemy countries." The decision can have but one interpretation. It means a definite refusal on the part of the British Government to allow the cause for which Great Britain professes to be fighting, or the terms of peace for which it professes to stand, to be discussed in person with Socialist or labor leaders in Germany or Austria-Hungary. Unless Mr. Lloyd George's Ministry has reasonable proof that Mr. Henderson is disloyal, the refusal of passports merits only condemnation.

THE espionage act which the Maura Government forced through the Spanish Cortes in July seems likely to test the strength of the Ministry. Newspaper revelations in May and June of German intrigues in Spain raised a clamor throughout the country, but the Government, instead of taking any action likely to satisfy an aroused public opinion, chose rather to muzzle the press. By the recent law, the newspapers are practically forbidden, under heavy penalties, to publish anything that might give offence to any belligerent. Under the guise of maintaining a strict neutrality, the Spanish press is virtually debarred from discussing the war. There are indications that neither the public nor the press is likely to submit tamely to so drastic a policy of repression. The Socialists, with their successes of last March fresh in their memories, may be counted upon to embarrass the Government whenever opportunity offers, and the other parties of the Left seem disposed to take a similar course. As the Socialists, although stronger now than ever before, are still without representation in the Ministry, they have nothing to lose and much to gain

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by putting themselves at the head of a combined Opposition. The strongest ground of hostility to the Government is its failure to adopt vigorous measures regarding the German submarines, whose attacks upon Spanish vessels continue. Thanks, however, to the energy and courage of the *Solidaridad Obrero* and other newspapers, the case against the notorious Bravo Portillo, the police official who is alleged to have aided the German submarines lying in wait outside the harbor of Barcelona, is now, it is reported, about to be tried. It remains to be seen whether the Government, which has threatened to prevent public meetings, will invoke the espionage law to prohibit the publication of newspaper reports of the trial.

THE Federal Trade Commission, finding a conspiracy among the packers to control the distribution of certain foodstuffs in all countries producing a surplus, recommends that the Government should seize and operate their warehouses, cars, stock yards, and cold-storage plants. This counsel seems to us an improper and dangerous acquiescence in the easiest way. If these men have been long engaged in criminal practices, are they not subject to the regular and ample criminal procedure? Every count alleged against them has been a serious matter in the eyes of the law for more than twenty years; hence, when the Commission declares that they have "for more than a generation defied the law and escaped adequate punishment," we are disposed to ask why or by whose fault this is so. The Commission appears to think that due process of law is not to be trusted in the packers' case, somewhat as other bodies throughout the country have lately distrusted due process of law in the matter of sedition and treason. We have neither sympathy nor patience with the easy shifting of responsibility by appeal to executive intervention. We are not friends of crime, and we fully recognize the established principle of eminent domain; but we earnestly protest against the idea that bayonetry and dragooning can ever under any circumstances be an acceptable substitute for law. When a subordinate protested that he could never root out crime without resorting to extra-legal means, Mayor Gaynor drily replied, "Then don't."

ANOTHER objection to the Commission's report is that it increases the inveterate popular confusion between privilege and property. The extortion and oppression practiced by other large interests proceed directly from privilege. Some get their afflictive advantages from a natural resource monopoly, some from franchises, some from tariffs. They enjoy a delegated free use, within fixed limits, of the Government's taxing power. This is not the case with the packers. They are strictly middlemen, purchasing raw material and converting it into finished products. Privilege counts for less in their enterprises than in any large business in the country. In fact, if the packers had put something better than a lawyer-like intelligence into the direction of their affairs, they would have begun about ten years ago to make shrewd and telling publicity out of this fact; we should all be getting disquisitions on the menace of privilege wrapped up gratis with every pound of steak. Commercial vice and crime are one thing, the practical inconvenience of monopoly is another, the delegation of the taxing power into private hands is still another; and to imply that the work of the packers is a striking, or even by comparison a significant, example of the root-evil of monopoly is merely throwing dust in the eyes of an already purblind public.

WITH commendable foresight, the United States Shipping Board is causing an investigation to be made of our existing port facilities. While the systematic survey planned is far from being completed, sufficient data have already been gathered to show that practically all our harbors must be enlarged in order to cope with post-war trade conditions. Present arrangements are deemed so unsatisfactory that new ports may even have to be created to provide our rapidly expanding merchant fleet with sufficient docking room. Our coastwise traffic is already so hampered by inadequate facilities that only a portion of the coal required for New England's war industries can be shipped by water. Besides New York, which is notoriously overtaxed, many of our other ports are already facing serious congestion. This is especially true of certain of the Southern ports like Galveston, New Orleans, and Charleston, which are now being swamped by a mass of freight destined for the West Indies and South America, and formerly sent to the seaboard by Northern overland routes. As a further diversion from the accustomed northern channels is proposed in the case of imports and exports going to and from the Middle West, all the Southern ports are facing a phenomenal expansion. The same is true of the Pacific ports, whose trade with the Orient is expected to grow in a very marked degree after the war. The task has not been undertaken a moment too soon, and cannot be proceeded with too rapidly.

IN our discussion last week of sport as a diversion we noted the approaching dissolution of organized baseball and the probability that colleges and universities would be unable to organize major and minor athletic teams in the season of 1918-19. Symptoms of the demobilizing process have increased in the past seven days to such an extent as to support the belief that the near future will see competitive sport relegated to some such position as it occupied in say the seventies. It is altogether an extraordinary condition, if only because of the abundance of sport fabric which has been woven into the warp and woof of our everyday affairs. Not a few of us—although we may not realize it now—will find a vacuum where formerly we found crowded events which we had come to accept as something more than a diversion. Who of us, who had not altogether forgotten the ardor of our college days, did not feel that season lost which saw no victory of Harvard over Yale or of Yale over Harvard, on diamond, field, or stream? What a goodly number of persons, otherwise sane and reasonable, found in the pursuit of the pennant by bands of mercenaries a source of inordinate concern! So it has been generally with many sports, and among vast numbers of people throughout the country. One wonders what the process of adjustment will be. Adjustment there will be, of course; the human animal, even the baseball fan, is after all a creature of imposed as well as volitionary habit. But the phenomenon of mutation will be well worth observing. What gods shall we hoist to the pedestal of the fallen Discobolus? Shall they be war gods? Will General Pershing supplant Walter Johnson, and Admiral Sims replace "Babe" Ruth? Inconceivable as this may seem, there is none the less the possibility. Speculation, however, can do little more than call attention to an imminent situation.

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Railway Control

THE Railway Administration has done a great deal of good work in its first half-year, and done it exceedingly well. It has wrought no miracles nor brought in the millennium so freely predicted by doctrinaire practitioners who have been hawking their nostrum up and down the land these dozen years. Accidents still happen. Operating expenses are not reduced; wage increases and other unit costs are not offset by economies, and Justice Brandeis's million dollars a day is still unreclaimed. The Administration has attempted nothing spectacular, but has gone diligently about the prosaic drudgery of reducing railroading to a stable business. The public has at last learned that a railway must be run as a railway, not as a finance company. It is a highway; it exists to transport persons and goods from one place to another, and for no other purpose. This lesson will be remembered whether the railways go back to private ownership or not, and it will have its full weight with the two thousand or more short lines that remain in private hands. Mr. McAdoo and the *Zeitgeist* may toss up for the lion's share of credit in the matter of teaching this lesson. Each would have been ineffectual, probably, without the other, but between them the lesson has been taught, and that is the important thing.

Mr. McAdoo's principal economies and readjustments are, naturally, screened from public view. The citizen has only a few points of personal contact with the railways, and his opinion is chiefly influenced by what he experiences at those points. He is more interested in fares, service, and schedules than in remote matters of general policy. On this account it seems a pity that Mr. McAdoo has been so heavy-handed with the citizen, so needlessly indifferent to his good-will. No one pretends, for instance, that the present passenger rates are reasonable, or that the bewildering intricacy of passenger tariffs is necessary. All we know is that the Government appears to want as little passenger traffic as possible, and also desires, irrespective of its needs, to control all the money it can possibly get. This is well enough, but could not more gentle and conciliatory means be found of discouraging traffic among a people who have shown themselves marvellously amenable to the Government's will; and is the relatively small amount of money which is saved worth the price of a puzzled and reluctant submission? Moreover, it is questionable whether the arbitrary fixing of rates is sound policy. It is not sound policy if Government operation is to continue after the war. To operate a public-service utility for profit in order to reduce taxation is a vicious principle, containing every possibility of political manipulation. Service at cost is probably illusory until our whole theory of government is revised and simplified, but it is an ideal to be kept to as nearly as possible, and the setting of an arbitrary rate at the outset is extremely bad for it. From all sides reports come of deteriorated service, baggage lost, destroyed, or wilfully injured without redress, discourteous and indifferent treatment of passengers by employees. A perfunctory and bureaucratic spirit seems to pervade the railway personnel, all the more regrettable because the railways were maintaining a high average standard of service when they were taken over. Inevitably the plain man's comment will be: "If that is Government control, no more of it for me if I can help it." Mr. McAdoo has done so much to deserve well of the public and the public is so ready to be appreciative that we cannot help regretting his indifference. Even Bismarck knew the asset-value of the imponderabilia and respected it.

One of the most interesting economies made possible by the elimination of competition is the unifying of parallel systems for purposes of routing freight. In Nevada, for instance, the single-track lines of the Southern Pacific and the Western Pacific are now operated as a double track for a distance of nearly two hundred miles. Another economy is the extensive standardizations that are taking place in rolling stock, statistics, ticket-forms, and all kinds of equipment specialties. The first delivery on an order for 1,500 standardized locomotives has just been made. Purchasing is centralized; and here there is doubtless an opportunity for serious mistakes of judgment if buying is left in the hands of men who are trained and experienced only in purchasing and not safeguarded by the advice of competent operators. But criticism of detail and difference of opinion are always possible, and in the long run somebody has to be trusted—there is no other way. Railways are no longer permitted to develop freight specialties unless there is a natural reason for them to do so. Short hauls and full box-car loads are now the invariable rule. Cars are pooled and assembled with reference to the volume of freight, and there is a steady movement of empties. Elaborate safety organizations are being energetically developed on the individual railways under a central Bureau of Safety; and, finally, the Administration has advanced some $200,000,000 to stiffen up a number of shaky systems, the money coming in part from the surplus of certain prosperous roads and in part from the so-called revolving fund.

The taking over of certain waterways gives a welcome intimation of the greatest economy of all, one that amounts to revolution, namely, the relinquishment by the railways of low-grade bulk freight. One who has seen the development of water transportation in Europe, particularly in Germany, where the railways carry almost no low-grade freight, gets from our present arrangements a painful impression of extravagance and waste. The most overloaded system in the country is the New Haven, and there one can see trainload after trainload of coal, steel, timber, or heavy machinery cluttering the system to the loss and disadvantage of shippers and industries whose business is in package freight. There is no excuse for this. With the development of the Cape Cod Canal, barges can move through the Sound to any New England port with increased safety. The Government has now taken over the Cape Cod and Raritan Canals and the Mississippi and Black Warrior waterways. If this indicates a policy of water transportation for low-grade freight wherever possible, it will be one of the most businesslike and commendable acts of the Administration.

Whatever one believes about the theory of Government operation, the thing itself is here, and now that we have it, we sincerely desire it to work as well as it can, and to put it before the public in the best light possible. The Administration has pursued an independent course, bound neither by precedent nor by over-devotion to stock theories and policies, largely making up its mind as it went along. We are glad to congratulate Mr. McAdoo upon the net results of six months' work and to offer him our best hopes and wishes for the future.

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Our Disunited Radicals

THE position of the political radicals, never entirely satisfactory to themselves even in quiet times, is always in danger of becoming yet more of a disappointment when the nation faces a crisis. In such a time your genuine radicals are pretty certain to feel their isolation and chafe at their helplessness. However much of the dominant political creed they may happen to agree with, they seem fated to dissent on the very points which the conforming public regards as crucially important. However thoroughly they may be convinced that many other people think as they do, they are nevertheless painfully aware that the dissenters as a whole are not getting ahead. The stoutest professions of loyalty in general may fail to avert accusations of disloyalty in particular. Work as they may, too, for things that the country appears to hold dear, offices and recognition go to others. Not only are they persecuted, but they are also in danger of being ignored.

Political radicalism in this country offers at the moment a curious study. It is a commonplace to say that party lines have for years been breaking down, that party names have less and less value even as shibboleths, and that party platforms neither catch nor hold votes. Yet public opinion in the United States is very far from being a unit. There are numerous and wide differences of view about the war, how it should be conducted and how it ought to end. A very respectable number of people are disposed to think that the war has gone on long enough, or that it might be brought to a close if President Wilson or Mr. Lloyd George or M. Clemenceau were willing. Under such circumstances, one would expect to find many sorts of new political groups emerging, each with its own plan for meeting the difficulty, and, among them, one that obviously was taking the lead. There are indeed groups and plans in abundance, but as yet there is none that leads.

The reason, of course, is plain. Most of the American radical groups to-day are, in one way or another, opposed to the war. It may be only some minor question of policy, as of ways and means, or a genuine difference of opinion about the causes of the war or the wisest conditions of peace, that forms the ground of offence. In no such group anywhere is it a case of real sympathy for Germany and German aims. Whatever it is, however, it resolves itself in the last analysis into some kind or degree of opposition to the war. Individual members of the group may respond loyally to the draft, or buy Liberty bonds, or serve under the red triangle, but the group as such is not, first, last, and all the time, for the war. What is said by the group collectively, therefore, counts only for opposition, be the wisdom of its members what it may. Hence it is that, in spite of organizations and programmes in plenty, there is no radical leadership and no pulling together.

One would have thought that President Wilson, with his broad ethical attitude towards politics and his fearlessness in stirring up the nations to new courses, would have welcomed the support of radicals everywhere. We have never had a President so likely, one would think, to be tolerant of dissent. What has happened, however, is quite the contrary. Instead of assuming that those who are not against him are for him, he has seemed rather to be willing that any organized group which opposes him should be harried out of the land. The agents of the Administration have been busy in ferreting out conscientious objectors and theoretical dissenters, suppressing radical newspapers, breaking up or forbidding public meetings, and haling into court alleged violators of new and drastic Federal laws. It would be ridiculous to suppose that the Administration regards these offending persons or assemblies or newspapers as individually of great importance. The larger number of them have been in fact quite unimportant. What has been alleged again and again, however, is that a disloyal "group," a dangerous "movement," a treasonable "agitation," or something equally formidable, had been discovered or broken up. It is the organization, actual or mythical, and not the individual, that the Government has been after.

Group persecution of this kind has one curious result. It not only prevents different groups of radicals, each of which commonly suffers for some different reason, from joining hands and working together, but it also practically debars any one group from repairing its mistakes. Of this latter disability the Socialists afford the most striking illustration. The Socialist party, in its St. Louis platform, declared against the war. A good many members of the party appear to have decided now that the declaration was a mistake, and a certain number of them have broken away and joined another minority group which approves of the war. In almost any other country in the world such action as was taken at St. Louis would at most have called down upon the majority Socialists only the denunciations of their opponents. No other Government would have thought of putting the majority Socialists under the ban or trying to destroy their party. Not so the United States, however. Here, the heavy hand of the Federal Government was promptly applied. The long arm of an espionage statute reached out for everybody, whether Socialist or not, who dared to profess his adherence to the St. Louis platform, and the Socialist and radical population of our prisons and jails was rapidly added to. As a consequence, it would be difficult for the majority Socialists to meet to-day as a party on the St. Louis platform; at the same time that they cannot revise their platform, even if they want to do so, unless they can meet and discuss it.

All this means, of course, that American radicalism has still a good deal to do to make itself effective. With all sorts of divergent views, there is no united body of radical opinion. As an acute English observer has lately put it, American radicalism has no address with which one may communicate either in person or by letter. Yet if ever there was a time when our politics needed the healthy irritation of radical opinion, it is now. Insensibly, but with amazing rapidity, we have drifted into intolerance. Foreign visitors note with surprise the harsh repression of dissent and the illiberality of political thought and speech which characterize us. The hope of democracy, we may be sure, is not in repression or enforced conformity, but in the sturdy insistence upon the constitutional right of free thought and open public discussion. American radicalism, if only it will unite its scattered forces in some scheme of common action, has it in its power to make a large contribution to this good end. Such criticism of the Government and its policies, such calling to account of elected representatives or administrative officials, as may be read daily in the great English newspapers or weekly in journals like the *Spectator* or the London *Nation*, would be certain to feel the heavy hand of the censorship were it to be attempted in this country. This is not an indication of a healthy public opinion.

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Unifying the Army

THIS war has brought about many violent departures from our historic military policies, notably in the resort to conscription. But one of the most striking and unexpected was the abolition last week of all distinctions between the regulars, the militia, and the national or draft army. "This country," the order reads, "has but one army —the United States Army. It includes all the land forces in the service of the United States. Those forces, however raised, lose their identity in that of the United States Army. Distinctive appellations, such as the Regular Army, Reserve Corps, National Army, and National Guard, heretofore employed in the administration and command, will be discontinued and the single term, the United States Army, will be exclusively used." The insignia of the regular army is to be worn by everybody, every officer will be assumed to be commissioned in the United States army for permanent, or provisional, or temporary service, and all orders dividing the forces are revoked.

In so far as this change makes for unity and efficiency, it is to be acclaimed. There will be those to ask how intermingling of the forces will in the long run be to the advantage of the service. But the President's vast powers to re-form the army will hardly be questioned, and it must be assumed that the interchange of officers of all branches has been dictated by the exigencies of actual war service. As a matter of fact, such intermingling has been going on from the beginning; for instance, Theodore Roosevelt, jr., with only a three months' Plattsburgh experience, has been commanding a battalion of a regular infantry regiment under his Reserve Corps commission as major, and former National Guard officers have likewise been serving with regulars. With the heavy losses our troops are undergoing and the assignment of many units to English and French organizations, the pooling of all our officers has naturally suggested itself as the most practical method of handling them. As for the troops, they are indubitably on a par from a military point of view, for the first regulars to reach France had to be inducted into modern warfare by the same training given to the National Guard and National Army divisions. There has surely been no difference in their effectiveness under fire.

Nevertheless, there must be a real question whether the wiping out of all distinctions is entirely a gain. There was a certain special pride of corps in the regulars as in the National Guard organizations. The best-advertised and "press-agented" force we have is the Marines; the very fact that they have been a body apart has helped to give them the self-esteem that has made them such admirable troops. Their officers are mainly from civil life and only in part graduates of Annapolis, yet their discipline and efficiency have always surpassed those of the regulars, who were largely officered by West Point graduates; it is plainly the *esprit* of the sea-soldiers which is in part responsible. So far as the National Guard is concerned, this new order completes its destruction as a separate entity, and the story of its handling since 1916 is not over-creditable to the War Department. In the spring of that year, it will be remembered, the entire Guard, of more than 100,000 men, was ordered to the Texas border, where it spent the summer. It is supposed to have been a *ruse de guerre* to train the Guard for the possibility of our entering the European war. When that happened, all the good effects of the Mexican service were thrown away by the War Department, for when the Guard was called out again in April, 1917, its regimental organizations were one and all wiped out; some of the most famous regiments in America, like the Seventh and Sixty-ninth New York, were telescoped into one another and given new designations. The benefits of the Texas experience were lost.

The folly of this is clear even in the light of the latest unification order. The foreign armies, notably the British and the German, have zealously kept alive their regimental traditions. We have either wiped them out or by our rigid censorship have kept in the background the identity of those that have done well. We still have to guess that it was the Twenty-sixth Regulars which took Cantigny. We do know that the Rainbow Division took part in the magnificent victory on the Marne. But the very eagerness with which our newspapers snatch up every bit of news that relates to the Rainbows and set forth that the 169th or 180th Regiment is formed in part of the —th Connecticut or the —th New York shows how readily local pride in organizations could have been stimulated and local rivalries usefully developed for war purposes. There have always been officers in our army who have urged the territorializing of our regular regiments after the foreign custom. They evidently are less influential in Washington than ever. What we are witnessing is the creation of a vast military machine as colorless as possible, with every distinction abolished. Efficiency shall rule, and under the words "The Army of the United States" shall be hidden alike the sons of Minnesota, the gallant boys of Oregon, the horsemen of Arizona, the scions of the Pilgrims. Identity by States is a thing of the past.

Henry Watterson's Retirement

THE sale of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*—another transfer of a powerful newspaper to a very rich man with no special fitness for journalism—carries with it the retirement of Henry Watterson, now in his seventy-ninth year. With him passes a generation whose outstanding figures in daily journalism were Murat Halstead, Joseph Pulitzer, Whitelaw Reid, the two Samuel Bowleses, the James Gordon Bennetts, Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, Horace White, St. Clair McKelway, Edwin L. Godkin, and Charles A. Dana. A contemporary of all of these, Mr. Watterson has been for fifty years with the *Courier-Journal*, thus nearly equalling William Cullen Bryant's long service with the New York *Evening Post*. He has seen his fellow editors pass off the stage and has witnessed momentous changes in our journalism and in our nation.

For one thing, the commercializing of our press, or its changed ideals, has brought to an end the day of great editors. It is the newspaper owner who to-day bulks largest in the public eye, not the men who formulate a newspaper's views. In New York there are still some brilliant leader writers—among whom Mr. Brisbane might have ranked had he not allied himself with the Mephistopheles of journalism—but there is not a single powerful editor of the type of Godkin or Raymond or Dana, not a man with the power to influence affairs as Mr. Watterson used to

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mould politics in Kentucky and helped to mould them in the nation. There is nowhere a writer to rank with George William Curtis, whose editorship of *Harper's Weekly* meant the espousal of every reform cause, nor an editor in the narrow technical sense to compare with Dana, whose conscienceless and cynical editorial page was hedged about pages which this country has ever enjoyed. There is none that approaches it to-day.

If it is true that the public no longer desires the old-fashioned verbose and ponderous three-column editorial, filled with invective, dire prophecy, and didactic statesmanship, of which Mr. Watterson is still a past master, it nevertheless remains a fact that a more widely educated newspaper clientèle seeks almost in vain for simple, straightforward editorial guidance, beyond question in its unselfishness and independence. If the public does not seek or desire political leaders in the press, if the sad fate of the *Tribune* clearly points the moral as to what happens when a newspaper is subordinated to political ambition or to office-seeking, there is surely still room for a man with a message and a pen to phrase it. Were this not the case, Mr. Hearst would not so easily have imposed his insincerity and self-seeking upon the credulity of multitudes. But there is to-day no American editor with the power and ability of Theodor Wolff, of the Berlin *Tageblatt*, or of C. P. Scott, of the *Manchester Guardian*. One searches the daily press in vain for editors who are formulating constructive, far-reaching social or political programmes and urging them by day and by night. There are powerful newspapers still, like the Kansas City *Star* and the Chicago *Tribune*, but who in New York to-day knows the name of the responsible editor of any of them?

So we regret the passing of Colonel Watterson. Whatever his shortcomings, he dominated his newspaper. He was its real editor, the personal formulator of its opinions and the zealous advocate of what he believed. We shall miss his turgid, pompous style, his editorials six and eight columns long published in serial form on successive days, redundant with a finality of opinion smacking of the Judgment Seat itself. We shall forget that there were other editors far more devoted to ethical ideals. But we have no disposition to touch to-day upon his inconsistencies or to enumerate his solemn prophecies which went astray. At such points every editor is vulnerable, save when he holds a safe and stupid pace. Our journalism is distinctly the poorer for the retirement of the man who wrote of Grover Cleveland that, if he should be reëlected, his party would "wade through a slaughter-house of blood to an open grave"; and who described Theodore Roosevelt when President as being "as sweet a gentleman as ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat."

Colonel Watterson has assailed almost every President, possibly excepting Grant. He has been a genuine free lance in spite of his devotion to the Democratic party, and the public ought never to forget his steadfast, life-long opposition to protective tariffs, his brave resistance to Ku-Kluxism when it was perilous to denounce it, and his outspoken warnings against the government of America by imperialists, militarists, and great business interests intrenched through special privilege—warnings never so much in order as to-day when the menace of Prussianism is upon us. His is an original figure where originality is rare. With him a patriot leaves the profession.

Neglected Worthies

AJOSH BILLINGS centennial year ought not to pass without the scattering of a handful of kindly earth upon the graves of the two great humorists of the Civil War period. Few read them now, and yet we can not believe that their praise is wholly in their own generation. When the passion for contemporaneousness weakens and the world enters upon the season of self-examination, it seems inevitable that they will emerge. Billings wrought out his wisdom in general maxims, leaving special applications to whosoever had ears to hear. One wonders what the world would now be like if statesmen, for instance, had heeded his admonition, "Never take the bull bi the horns, yung man; take him bi the tail, and then yu can let go when yu want to." Artemus Ward, on the other hand, drew pictures of the life about him which almost force themselves upon us for our guidance in the emergency of to-day. His visit to Oberlin College brings before us all the hard narrow fanaticism, the lack of tact and measure, the appetite for catchwords and claptrap, the slowness to see when we are making ourselves ridiculous, that beset us in the present state of public affairs. Baldwinsville in the throes of the War Fever, in the Draft, at the great War Meeting when Ward himself was "invited to norate before you onto the Crisis"—why, it is our own town and Squire Baxter, Joe Stackpole, and Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins are our fellow-citizens, fellow-commuters. Are not our metropolitan dailies edited by charmed and enthusiastic pupils of Mr. Slinkers? Nay, ten to one Mr. Creel himself passed under the hands of the schoolmaster who "sed the Slave Oligarky must cower at the feet of the North ere a year had flowed by, or pass over his dead corpse." One can survey the official life of Washington this afternoon and not miss an essential detail that attracted Ward's attention, so purely official and unimaginative does the official mind remain through half a century of a nation's life.

It is as moralists, however, that Ward and Billings serve us best. They had the Platonist and Christian instinct for a measureless leniency with persons, combined with a critical severity towards actions and policies. Ward had no illusions about the slave problem, yet he remained benignant towards all those, both North and South, who were botching it. In his experience with Jefferson Davis, with the people of Richmond, and with the marauding Seseshers who "confisticated his wax statoots," he is a sterling critic, but always kindly, gentle, amiable. He knew the unstable and meretricious nature of much that to-day contrives to pass for patriotism, and inimitably he reveals it in his letter to his wife after the surrender at Appomattox. Irony could go no further, but its kindliness is impeccable:

> I met a man to-day—I am not at liberty to tell his name, but he is an old and inflooential citizen of Richmond, and sez he, "Why, we've bin fightin' agin the Old Flag! Lor' bless me, how sing'-lar!" He then borrer'd five dollars of me and bust into a flood of tears.

The nation is again at war, again its people are ready with abundant fortitude to take what comes; but we may also take it like gentlemen, hating nothing but hatred, keeping stanchly to our reason and dignity. It is a hard task when every current influence is against it; so much the more, then, is it worth while to seek the friendship of two writers who performed the task with such amiable success.

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The Two Britains

I. The Battle for Britain's Soul

By HESPERICUS

THE inhabitants of North America, Americans and Canadians alike, have often been puzzled in this war at the strange phenomena exhibited by British opinion and policy since 1914. Nowhere did the impulse of a splendid human passion and democratic idealism well forth in such bounteous and pellucid streams, and nowhere did the river of national policy reveal so many troubled and turbid pools in its later course. Public opinion in the mass adopted as its own from the outset a stanchly democratic and enlightened view of the war, but the British Governments since 1915 have shown on occasion a strange fondness for reactionary policies which appeared in sad disharmony with the progressive ideals and generous enthusiasm of the mass of British citizens. Only strong popular pressure has won ground for new ideas and enlightened statecraft. What, then, is the root cause of this strange phenomenon of apparent divergence in the public impulse and its outward expression in statesmanship? It is not merely the presence of some Whig oligarchs in the Liberal councils or the injection of a few Cecils and Curzons into the later administrations. Does it not lie in the mischance that the seat of British governance is unfortunately located in the more reactionary and intellectually backward region of Great Britain and has been too susceptible to the numerous fortunate influences with which geography surrounds it? Leaving Ireland out of the account, there are undoubtedly two Britains in which a geographical division is reflected in a division of temperament and outlook, of social and political attitudes. The boundary line between them may be roughly fixed at the River Trent. This statement is far from implying that there are no fair caves of liberalism south of the Trent, and no dark caverns of reaction and illiberalism north of that river. All it means is that the Britain of Lord Northcliffe, the *Morning Post*, and Lady Angela Forbes has its main habitat south of the Trent, and the Britain of Lord Bryce, Professor Gilbert Murray, and Mr. Arthur Henderson dwells largely beyond its northern bank.

The panics and perils of the Napoleonic wars had the sad result of driving out of the southern shires, where they once ran deep and strong, the traditions of Milton and Bunyan, of Pym and Hampden, each a southerner and each a fearless apostle of liberty and democracy. Since 1800, the impulse to liberality of thought and action in politics has consistently come from the north and won its way against the steady resistance of the south. From the north came Wilberforce to banish slavery, from the north came Grey, Durham, Brougham, and the *Edinburgh Review* to give Britain Parliamentary reform in 1832, from the north came Cobden and Bright to give her economic freedom and a true perspective of the American Civil War, from the north came Gladstone and his great Liberal majorities of 1868 and 1880, and in the northern by-elections after 1902 began the stern revolt of outraged democracy against the jingo imperialism of the Boer War era, which ended in Campbell-Bannerman's crushing victory of 1906. All progressive causes and Liberal administrations in Britain for the last century have drawn their electoral support and moral inspiration from the north, just as Tory imperialism and reaction have had their strong house of refuge in the south.

The reasons for this alignment are not far to seek. The south, for a variety of reasons, has never become industrialized to the same extent as the north; trade unionism, with its vitalizing results in the lower ranks of society, is less strong, and the impulse towards higher standards of education created by the technical demands of industry is less marked. The south has always been the centre of the professional military and naval organizations of the country, with their caste ideas and preconceptions and their aloofness from democratic contact and experience. In the south lie Brighton, Cheltenham, Bournemouth, and a score of other valetudinarian resorts, where congregate large and indolent coteries of retired Anglo-Indians, civilian and military, and a variety of sleek and prosperous re-emigrés, planters, merchants, and sportsmen, who have lived the better part of their adult lives in the tropical regions of the British Empire. The social prejudices and ideas which become second nature to Anglo-Saxons accustomed to lord it for years over colored peoples are firmly implanted in their bosoms, and a bias towards democracy is rarely included among them.

Graft this type of mass mentality upon and around the last strongholds of the feudal land system and all the elements of a stubborn reaction are provided. If many of the old landed families have disappeared with the passing ages, into their place has stepped a new breed of landowning plutocrats, who are too uncertain of their own social position to adopt the attitude of friendly neighborliness to their tenants and dependents which dignified and democratized the life of the old gentry, and who regard their estates merely as a social and sporting asset, burdened with no responsibilities save a few charitable subscriptions and bad amateur theatricals organized by their daughters once a year for the villagers.

But perhaps the strongest factor making for reaction lies in the great so-called public schools like Eton and Harrow, of which eighty per cent. lie south of the Trent. Their atmosphere is sullenly conservative, and the political training afforded within their precincts almost invariably encourages a fierce nationalism and contempt for democracy. Let a public-school boy emigrate to America or the Dominions and he must forthwith begin to unlearn most of the social philosophy which his educational training conferred on him. Not only does the public-school social training absolutely fail to fit a boy for any atmosphere save the family preserves of his native land, but it absolutely unfits him for contact with and successful life among the more democratic communities of Anglo-Saxondom.

There is no intention here to question the cheerful gallantry and heavy sacrifices of this class in the war or to disparage their genuine patriotism, but it is unfortunate and disastrous that they have contrived to retain a share of

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the control of the military and civil administration of the British Commonwealth utterly disproportionate to their merits and capacities. Professor Thorstein Veblen has shown in a penetrating analysis how superfluous and hostile to efficiency in the modern world and how peculiarly useless in the warfare of to-day is the "gentlemanly" training of the English upper classes. But it is this ancient class of English "gentlemen" who, though the highest posts have perhaps fallen into more plebeian hands, have contrived to retain with untoward results a wide and firm grip upon the civil, military, and, worst of all, the diplomatic machine. Their retention of this grip is largely due to the fact that the seat of governance is in the reactionary south of England. It is true that within the bounds of these regions there are ancient noble families, vast estates, and public schools, but politically and intellectually these institutions are almost as uninfluential as the royalist cliques of Versailles in France.

The people of Canada, where the Scots influence is deep and strong, do not often make the same mistake as the citizens of the United States of identifying Scotland with England. Many Americans have come to regard Scotland as a pleasant playground where the romantic and chivalrous nobility of Sir Walter Scott still reigns supreme. The truth is that the patrician caste of Scotland now possesses an almost negligible influence. Ever since the days of John Balliol the Scots nobility has been more or less an English garrison, cultivating English ways and adopting English accents and manners by the way of an English education; it has remained aloof and alien from the sturdy democracy of the Scots middle and working classes, which have flourished with increasing strength and carried their leaven to many a distant shore. The Scots democracy after a century still reads its Burns and holds fast to his democratic faith; it scorns the English Kipling as a "blethering ranter." The Scots race has the true spirit of nationalism burnt into its very soul, an undying love of the landscape, lore, and traditions of its native land. The Scots, like the Jews, having no need of political machinery to conserve that spirit, are free to be liberal internationalists. In short, they are romantic nationalists in theory, but unprejudiced cosmopolitans in practice. Therefore they have never felt the need or followed the craving for aggressive political imperialism which has affected the south of England and the north of Germany.

The north of England, partly by infection from Scotland and partly as a fruit of the disgraceful apathy with which the industrial revolution was managed by the capitalist classes, has followed the same democratic and radical path and to-day shares in the same acute indignation and ferment. The social atmosphere of Scotland and the north of England differs little from that of the United States or Canada; this fact explains the infinitely greater success of the natives of these regions in obtaining a successful economical and social foothold in North America. They are "mixers," they have no anti-democratic prejudices, and they are imbued with the free spirit of enterprise and the generous temper which a reactionary caste system always contrives to stifle. For the last century it is to North America that the emigrants from Scotland and the north of England have chiefly come, while the southerners have gone to Australia and South Africa. To-day the eyes of the northerners of Great Britain turn earnestly across the dividing seas to North America, where they believe they discern a statesman who carries on the torch of Bright and Gladstone and is true to the liberal and democratic tradition.

Before the war Scotland and the north of England were in the political saddle, bent on a programme of drastic national reform devised to democratize the whole island. This battle against domestic reaction has been interrupted by the war. The necessities and contingencies of the armed conflict have unfortunately transferred the key of government to the southern regions and handed them over to the more reactionary element, whose strongholds are there. The evil influence of London "society" on British politics and administration is beyond computation, and the outspoken criticism in the British press over the disastrous fate of the Fifth Army, under the unhappy leadership of General Gough, who, despite repeated failures, had been retained in a high command, throws some light upon its cost to Britain in the war. But, though political passions are for the moment stilled in face of the desperate crisis in Flanders, ere the year ends an issue of profound importance for British democracy must be settled at the polls. In the election now obviously impending, the liberal North will seek and strive to regain for itself the spiritual supremacy and political control of Britain. And if the North wins the day, as all liberals and democrats hope and pray, a new and beneficent orientation in British policy and administration may be speedily looked for.

II. The Combining Streams

By S. K. RATCLIFFE

AN English Liberal, addressing himself to a discussion of the foregoing article, would say to begin with that he had no quarrel with its main position. Since Disraeli's "Sybil," the division of Britain into two nations created by the industrial revolution has been a familiar theme of description and debate. The radical politician has often found it serviceable, and sociologists of the school inspired by Le Play and Patrick Geddes have embroidered it with speculations of a fascinating variety. The general truth of the cleavage is obvious enough, but as applied by "Hespericus" it is certainly open to objection in detail.

He ignores, for instance, the historical fact that, from the Norman Conquest to the Victorian period, London was the vital centre of English freedom. The city opposed the Stuarts, applauded the American and French revolutions, and for half a century championed the cause of parliamentary reform. From Charles James Fox to John Stuart Mill eminent Liberals sat in Parliament for metropolitan constituencies. On the other hand, so typical a northern city as Liverpool has been and remains a Tory stronghold, while the defection of Manchester has, time and again, helped towards the triumph of reactionary forces. Nor, I maintain, can "Hespericus" prove his thesis in regard to Scotland, unless he is prepared with a more complex argument than the one he has here set forth. If in 1886 Scotland and the North generally had stood by Gladstone in his Home Rule policy, the pacification of Ireland would long ago have been achieved. The comparison of the Scots and the Jews as liberal internationalists is, on the whole, as daring a generalization as one may hope to come upon in this field, especially when it is coupled with the assertion that the Scots have

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never followed the imperialist craving. They are pioneers of imperial commerce. Is it not true that they have shown themselves to be monopolists also in administration and in imperial trade? No nationalism in the world is in practice more intense than theirs, and in the British Dominions no imperialism is more consistent. The present Secretary of State for India (himself, by the way, an able Liberal of the race linked by "Hespericus" with the Scots) is finding that the most formidable opposition to his remarkable scheme of constitutional reform comes from the mercantile element of the large Indian cities, predominantly Scottish. As for the assumption that Scots and northern Englishmen in general are better mixers than other Britons, I wonder whether it can be squared with the social facts of Canada and the compact communities of textile workers in Pennsylvania and New England.

Again, and not to press the contradictions too far, it would seem that the theory of the clean cut between North and South Britain needs a good deal of manipulation if we try to prove it by contemporary personal examples. True, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Henderson are from Yorkshire, and both of nonconformist stock; but Mr. Balfour, like Lord Haldane and Viscount Grey, belongs to the Scottish border and sat in Parliament many years as a representative of Manchester. In the present War Cabinet there is only one Englishman—Lord Curzon. He is the ablest of the old Tories, and his ancestral home is north of the Trent. Mr. Bonar Law is a Canadian-Scot, and would make an acceptable leader of the conservative imperialists at Ottawa. Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Milner are not English. Still less is General Smuts, of the Transvaal. Eric and Auckland Geddes, the somewhat mysterious new brotherhood of the Lloyd George Government, spring from that most wonderful of all social reservoirs, the common people of Scotland. They are singularly remote from the spirit which "Hespericus" identifies with northern Britain. For the rest, Gilbert Murray is an Australian and now a chief luminary of Oxford—the shrine of everything "Hespericus" has in mind when he thinks of the South. Lord Northcliffe comes, like Bernard Shaw, from Dublin. Lord Bryce may be a little more of an Englishman than President Wilson is. H. G. Wells, the most astonishing representative of English intellectual radicalism, is a Southerner to the marrow, a product of that incorrigibly feudal region south of the Thames, the County of Kent.

All this, however, I readily admit, is merely playing around the challenge which "Hespericus" has thrown down: the contention that the British commonwealth, if it is to be a power for freedom in the world, must be ruled by the progressive industrial North. The implication is that, whenever the opposite influences are in command, Great Britain is not fulfilling her rightful destiny. Any such way of stating the matter is, I would submit, rather seriously misleading to American readers.

A few weeks ago the London correspondent of the *Nation* quoted Professor McLaughlin, of Chicago, as saying in London that Britain brought herself into line with the United States when, in 1867, she took the first step towards manhood suffrage. That is true. A half-century ago the Conservative party and the governing groups in England virtually accepted the principle of representative self-government. The Reform Act of 1867 was the work—cynical, if you will—of a Tory administration led by Disraeli. Since then, naturally, advance in domestic affairs has been more rapid under Liberal Cabinets, and no government in any land has had a record to compare with that of the Asquith-George administration from 1908 to 1912. When, however, we are thinking of British policy in the large, we have to note the movement of the common mind, the direction, more or less steady, of the nation's political purpose, and its embodiment in legislation. It was a Tory Government which, immediately after the Mutiny, transferred the rule of India from the East India Company, and through which Victoria issued the proclamation of rights and liberties to the Indian people. Free education was granted and local self-government reshaped by Conservative Governments. Similarly with the far-reaching measure by which the Irish peasantry secured with the aid of English credit the ownership of their farms. Indeed, as one looks back, it may appear that only by the chances of party leadership did the English Conservatives fail to follow up the Wyndham Land Purchase Act with a political settlement of Ireland and thus save the commonwealth from the malignant disease of Carsonism. The radicalism of industrial England has, of course, made the pace, but not seldom it has been a matter of accident, if not of indifference—especially after the old Toryism was broken up by Randolph Churchill and Chamberlain—which party was called to carry a particular reform into law.

It is the simple truth, as every student of comparative politics is aware, that before the war no country in the world was attacking its problems with the fervor and thoroughness exhibited by Britain. But what does that display of energy and purpose amount to if we set it beside the amazing results attained in four years of war? I should disagree rather freely with the exposition of war-time unity given by "An Englishman" in the *New Republic* a month ago. But for the purpose of correcting the impression left by "Hespericus" I would underline the statement of this unmistakably Tory interpreter that "radicalism has been imposed on all, including Mr. Bonar Law and the House of Lords." I do not deny that, for those who hold the general view of liberal England, it is hardly possible to watch without misgiving, or even dismay, the transformation of these years: the power, range, and character of the new state; the creation of a mighty and complex bureaucracy; the spread of military and industrial compulsion; the apparently growing demand for inflexible tariff systems and unending war in the markets; the darkening shadow of Ireland; the swift gathering of certain forces which, during the coming autumn, may bring us to a general election fought under influences anything but consonant with the aims and principles enunciated, on behalf of all the allied peoples, by the President of the United States.

This is the aspect of Britain in the fifth year of war which is most constantly reflected in the press. Over against it is that other aspect, which, if one mistakes not, may come to stand as the example of a great commonwealth redeeming and justifying its past. Here is the steadfast and enduring Britain which, straining under the sense of awful peril at a task of enormous magnitude, has fought the war precisely like the first Zionists under Nehemiah—with sword in one hand and trowel in the other. In the most terrible of all crises she has joined emergency measures with designs for a new social and political order. A war Government composed of strikingly discordant ele-

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ments, and, some would say, not by any means representing the best that England can produce and combine, has established the principle of the minimum wage, passed a parliamentary reform bill enfranchising almost the whole adult population and an education bill which in ten years should make England the best educated of the larger nations, is using at its best the administrative machine as a vast instrument of public welfare, is placing the burdens of the war in a continually increasing ratio upon the shoulders of those most able to bear them, and at this moment is proposing to remodel the entire system of Indian Government. No instructed observer would care to set bounds to the reforming energies of the British people when, the menace of the German power removed, they find themselves at leisure to complete the structure which, to the amazement alike of friends and enemies, they began years before the end of the war was in sight.

Emily Brontë

By ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

AUGUST twentieth is the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the young recluse who, like Shelley, died at thirty, but who lived and worked long enough to be called by Shorter "the most striking genius nineteenth-century womanhood has furnished us," and by Matthew Arnold a soul which

> Knew no fellow for might,
> Passion, vehemence, grief,
> Daring, since Byron died.

But for all the enthusiasm she has excited among critics and poets, her solitary novel, "Wuthering Heights," is nearly forgotten by the general public, while the "Jane Eyre" of her sister Charlotte is still, on the whole, widely read. "Wuthering Heights" is not, it must be admitted, the "rattling good story" that "Jane Eyre" is, but it is a titanic and extraordinarily gripping thing which would repay even the frankly hedonistic seeker after thrills.

Of the remarkable Brontë trio, modest country parson's daughters with Bohemian and fearless talents, Emily was by all odds the most audacious and unexpected. Of literary ambition of the ordinary sort, she must have had little. From an early age she wrote poems for her own private satisfaction; her elder sister Charlotte found some of them by accident, and with some difficulty persuaded her to publish them, in a volume which contained contributions from the other two. Critics of to-day are unanimous in according high merit to Emily's verses, while those of Charlotte and Anne are forgotten. Then, a little later, if we are to accept Charlotte's account, Emily set about her novel, largely because her sisters were at the same work. The completed manuscript went the weary rounds of the publishers for a year and a half, but was finally accepted by the notorious Newby, who brought it out in a three-volume edition with Anne's mediocre "Agnes Gray," and also took advantage of the success of Charlotte's "Jane Eyre," which had appeared two or three months before, to deceive the public into believing that the three Brontës were one. The reception of "Wuthering Heights" was not cordial. A critic writing in the *North American Review* conceived of the author as "a man of uncommon talents, but dogged, brutal, and morose"; and when it became known that the author was not a man, but a clergyman's young daughter, the situation was not notably improved, for the story was not a decorous piece of work to come from a pious young Anglican maid. But Emily was by this time so absorbed in the care of her dissipated, dying brother and in Charlotte's plans for her new novel, "Shirley," that she had practically stopped writing. Nothing except a short poem or two seems to have been composed after "Wuthering Heights." The best-known of all her verses, the frequently quoted "Last Lines," was found in her desk by her sister after her death.

The three novel-writing sisters had a scapegrace drug-fiend of a brother, whose misdeeds probably formed the clue on which Emily wound the skein of this amazing story; it has enough kinship with the old Irish romances to recall the starting-point of the Reverend Patrick Brontë, Emily's father, and the legend of the wild Irish cousin who landed on the larger island armed with a shillalah, bent on the demolition of the critic who had traduced a novel of Charlotte's; but when all is said and done, "Wuthering Heights" is as near spontaneous generation as anything in literature. Emily Brontë disliked French soberness, and is known to have read the German romanticists with pleasure; she had no experimental knowledge of life, and is described as a mystic temperament; yet her book bristles with straight-from-the-shoulder realism, not to say naturalism. Thoroughly typical and characteristic is the passage where the neglected brat Hareton Earnshaw insists on drinking his share of milk from the common vessel:

> I expostulated, and desired that he should have his in a mug; affirming that I could not taste the liquid treated so dirtily. . . . Meanwhile, the infant ruffian continued sucking; and glowered at me defyingly, as he slavered into the jug. . . .

Is there not here a certain kinship with Zola—who, *obiter dictum*, was on occasion the most extravagantly imaginative of romanticists—or, better yet, with the Hauptmann of "The Weavers"? For all the unearthly poetry in Emily Brontë's nature, she is worlds removed from the sloppy chaos of the Tiecks and Hoffmanns. Her work is free from the coarse frankness of modern scientific fiction because she was the daughter of an English clergyman. It lacks documentation, because she was very young and a recluse; but the spirit of the student and of the observer is here. Note these striking examples: "A sky too dappled and hazy to threaten rain"; "he breathed as fast as a cat"; "I have to remind myself to breathe—almost to remind my heart to beat"; "a lusty damsel," having just subdued a brace of savage dogs, stood "heaving like a sea after a high wind"; "Are you acquainted with the mood of mind in which, if you were seated alone, and the cat licking its kitten on the rug before you, you would watch the operation so intently that puss's neglect of one ear would put you seriously out of temper?" And the half-crazed father striving in exquisite anguish to force his son's love: "Kiss me, Hareton! Damn thee, kiss me! By God, as if I could rear such a monster." Madame Duclaux thinks that the book is a study of heredity. May Sinclair successfully disproves this assertion, but fails to remark that it is a valuable treatise on environment.

But withal, here is a soul absolutely virgin. Miss Sinclair indignantly denies that Emily Brontë ever had a sweetheart, and her poem about the angel-lover who visits her at night is scarcely even presumptive evidence. Emily had no friends but her sister Anne, and Charlotte records that she refused to mingle with the country people of the neighborhood, conversing about them but never with them. How

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in the world, under these circumstances, she knew all the things she did is one of the eternal mysteries. There seem to be natural aristocrats who, like Molière's marquis, know directly what common clay must learn by study and experience. Taken as a whole, the book is inconsistent and impossible, but every separate page is a gem of truth and insight.

Some forty of Miss Brontë's poems have been preserved, and half a dozen of them have lived down into the newest anthologies. Lyric in form, they nevertheless fail to leave a consistent impression of the poet's own attitude towards life. Dr. Eliot selected as the two worthiest the celebrated "Last Lines," a fervid expression of a nebulous pantheism, and "The Old Stoic," with the disquieting refrain (the italics are mine):

> And *if I pray*, the only prayer
> That moves my lips for me
> Is "Leave the heart that now I bear,
> And give me liberty!"

There is quite as fine poetry—now terrible, now charming—in "Wuthering Heights": "I've dreamed in my life dreams that have . . . gone through and through me, like wine through water"; "I am seldom otherwise than happy while watching in the chamber of death. . . . I see a repose that neither earth nor hell can break"; "The minute after, she had sidled up to him, and was sticking primroses in his plate of porridge." And to revert to Matthew Arnold's comparison, how tawdry is Byron's Manfred beside the black superman Heathcliff, lying dead at last with the rain beating in upon him! "The bed-clothes dripped, and he was perfectly still."

Emily Brontë, to apply a Tainesque formula, is the inspired poet turned novelist.

In the Driftway

WHAT has become of Franklin K. Lane? The strongest, ablest man in the Cabinet has of late almost disappeared from the public eye. Washington openly declares that he is now wholly without the Presidential favor, and attributes this in part to one of those unfortunate social clashes which figure, alas! even when a nation is at the crisis of its history. Whatever the reason, the result is deplorable. Frank Lane has had strong opinions and high ideals, and he has not hesitated to express them. It is said, for instance, that he was the only member of the Cabinet to submit, in the trying two weeks after the sinking of the Lusitania, written suggestions to the President as to what the policy of the Government should be. With Bryan and Garrison out of the Cabinet and Lane out of favor, there is nobody left in it to debate with the President and to offer opposing views. The Cabinet, which continues to meet with the greatest irregularity, exists apparently only as a body to say "We, too," to the President's slightest wish.

* * * * * *

When the question of a Director-General of Railroads came up, it was naturally supposed that Mr. Lane would be selected. His seven and one-half years of service as Interstate Commerce Commissioner eminently fitted him for the task. His department runs smoothly and easily, and Mr. Lane has not too much war work to do, whereas Mr. McAdoo is burdened with such a multitude of things that it is impossible to believe that he can personally do much more than discuss the most important policies. But the railroads went to Mr. McAdoo, in addition to all the rest, and Franklin K. Lane's exceptional talents are by no means fully utilized—which is the country's loss. So that it is not surprising to hear that Mr. Lane's mind is turning to the California Senatorship, which becomes vacant in 1921. It is greatly to be hoped that he is keeping a diary; so terse, vigorous, and clear-cut is his style that if his memoirs of this period should be published, a couple of decades hence, we should have a book quite as valuable in its day-by-day observations as Gideon Welles's diary and one far more interesting by reason of its ability and human quality.

* * * * * *

In the matter of interfering in Congressional elections, the President is as inconsistent as in many other things. He is the man who wrote in his "Constitutional Government of the United States": "There are illegitimate means by which the President may influence the actions of Congress. . . . He may use his local patronage to assist members to get or retain their seats. He may impose his powerful influence in one covert way or another in contests for places in the Senate. . . . Such things are *deeply immoral*, they are destructive of the fundamental understandings of constitutional government and, therefore, of constitutional government itself. They are sure, moreover, in a country of free public opinion to bring their own punishment, to destroy both the fame and the power of the man who dares to practice them." The author of these words has just driven out of Congress James L. Slayden, of Texas, a most valuable veteran of twenty-one years' service, by "interposing his powerful influence," has given a certificate of desirability to Senator James H. Lewis, of Illinois, has denounced Representative George Huddleston, of Alabama, as "in every way an opponent of the Administration," has asked Henry Ford to become a candidate for Senator from Michigan, and, next in order, has written to Senator Chilton, of West Virginia, that he would not interfere in the West Virginian Senatorial contest because of his abhorrence of "even so much as the appearance of an effort to pick and prefer a candidate," which "would produce the most embarrassing impression and be met by most justifiable resentment . . ." On top of that he now asks the defeat of Senator Vardaman because the latter has not supported the Administration! All this within a few weeks. Consistency is plainly not a hobgoblin of the Presidential mind.

* * * * * *

The celebration of Lucy Stone's one hundredth birthday on Tuesday of this week recalls one of the bravest and most attractive of the woman suffrage pioneers. With calm serenity she and the other women leaders of the cause endured every possible abuse and faced physical violence more than once. Portrayed as a bold and unsexed virago because of her demands for the ballot and because she never assumed her husband's name, she was refinement and womanliness itself and bore herself ever with dignity and modesty. Though an editor for years of her *Woman's Journal*, she left no permanent literary memorial; but the memory of her service to her fellow-citizens ought never to be and will, we trust, never be forgotten.

* * * * * *

Paul M. Warburg's refusal to be reappointed to the Federal Reserve Board is a genuine misfortune. The father of

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the Federal Reserve idea, and the man who more than any one individual created the public sentiment which made this great reform possible, it is impossible to think of the Board's going on without him. Truly, the country cannot afford to have him step out; he is a mine of valuable financial information, he sees through shams quickly, as when he punctured last week the proposal to use Liberty bonds as money, and he has borne himself most patriotically and bravely since the war came, though his former ties with Germany have necessarily caused a keenness of suffering few can appreciate. Nothing could have been finer than his letter of withdrawal to President Wilson, and the latter plainly appreciated it. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Chauvinism Repudiated

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your number of July 20 you print a letter from Mr. Chase which is neither more nor less than libellous. I am accused of returning, in the last edition of my textbook, "A History of the American Nation," to "chauvinistic slap-dash," and apparently also to the game of twisting the lion's tail. It seems that at the bidding of the publishers, who believe that chauvinism and tail-twisting "pay," I consciously distort truth in order to make the book popular and sell more copies. Permit me to say that any errors or faulty opinions in my book are not chargeable to the publishers, who, as far as I can remember, have not in any instance or in any particular sought to influence my judgment as to the content of the volume. It is needless, possibly, to express disapproval of a charge against thoroughly reputable publishers, when the charge is entirely unfounded, and when the accuser has, I imagine, made no effort to discover whether the slap-dash and the tail-twisting are purely commercial exercises or not.

The charge against myself I deeply resent. I make no pretence of inerrancy or of unfailing judgment, but I resent the accusation of cowardice and dishonesty; for, according to your correspondent, in scientific treatises I can be truthful, but in writing a textbook I disregard historical fact and sober judgment for chauvinistic slap-dash. Irrespective of the odiousness of subordinating truth to commerce, I happen to have a special dislike of chauvinism and of all evidences of a nasty spirit towards other nations. If I had been charged with lack of patriotism, I should have resented the accusation as unjust; but in these days narrow-minded, superheated, self-glorifying patriotism is offensive and mischief-making. It may be that America never before deserved so well of our affection and admiration; I think so; but if that be true, it is because we seem capable of sacrificing our own immediate interest for the sake of others, and not because, in any spirit of swaggering and boastful patriotism (which is, I think, a fair definition of chauvinism), we are striving for national gain or glory. If the war has not taught humility as well as hardened determination to strive for what we think right; if we have not learned that there are other people who want to lead their own lives and develop their own spirit, it has not taught us much. In the last printing of my book (1916), I close with a paragraph which discusses briefly the perplexities of the trying years of neutrality. The final sentence of that paragraph is:

> The thing which we can see with definite assurance is that America must look calmly and wisely and thoughtfully upon its own duties and its own ideals, must seek to preserve them as far as they can stand the test of righteousness, and must try to build up a sense of civic responsibility without developing hatred for other nations.

If that is chauvinistic slap-dash, I must plead guilty to that offence; but not of craven obedience to commercial greed or yellow journalism.

May I say just a word about the article of Mr. Scott in the *Nation* of May 4, which furnished the excuse for the recent letter by Mr. Chase? In that letter objection is raised to my speaking of the "Wyoming massacre" in the Revolutionary War. It is said that that was not a massacre because only those in arms were killed. The book says that there were massacres at Wyoming Valley and Cherry Valley. At Cherry Valley there appears to have been something which before August, 1914, we commonly thought of as a massacre.

> The masacre still stands out conspicuously as the most shocking in its details of any event in this region during the Revolution. (Winsor, Narrative and Critical History, VI, 638.)

In the Wyoming unpleasantness the English officer tried, it appears, to check the cruelty of the Indians, but he reported the taking of "two hundred and twenty-seven scalps" and five prisoners. Andrew McFarland Davis, in the sixth volume of Winsor, appears to treat the matter soberly and in no hysterical way. Is he entirely wrong in the following statement?

> Finding his commands disregarded, Butler . . . withdrew, without visiting the lower part of the valley. The greater part of the Indians went with him, but enough remained to continue the devastation, while a few murders committed by straggling parties of Indians ended the tragedy. The whole valley was left a scene of desolation. . . . Strip from the stories of Wyoming the exaggerations of the frightened refugees, the brutal massacre of the prisoners remains.

I do not pretend to be an authority on massacres, and possibly have been misled by Bancroft, Winsor, Van Tyne, Hildreth, and other writers of that kind, who speak of the "Wyoming massacre."

The treatment of our relations with Great Britain is not as easy matter, especially when one has to be brief and simple in his statements; but surely no one can be expected to avoid altogether facts that he would like for many reasons to forget. I am inclined to think that our best textbooks do not do justice to Britain; but their failings are rather due to a lack of space and opportunity to bring out the whole truth, and especially the development of Britain in the nineteenth century, than to misstatements of facts or to chauvinistic prejudice. Personally, inasmuch as I am an eager advocate of friendliness with Great Britain, for whose achievements and character, despite her errors, I have great—I might almost say enthusiastic—admiration; inasmuch as I have nothing but admiration for heroic Canada, with whom we ought to live on the best, the most cordial and most neighborly of terms; and inasmuch as my book has been singled out as dealing in chauvinistic slap-dash and tail-twisting, I have, I think, in full modesty, the right to ask that any reader of your journal who is inclined to accept these charges should examine my treatment of the causes of the Revolution, the Revolution, or any of our misunder-

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standings with Great Britain or Canada, and see for himself if such accusations are just. "Misunderstandings"—that is the unfortunate word. Doubtless more emphasis should be laid on *understandings*. I do not know any book, whether it be a classroom text or not, that dwells sufficiently on the days and years of peaceful and amiable coöperation or succeeds in bringing out properly the accomplishments of honest and quiet intercourse during a century and more of peace.

Chauvinism, whether it be so catalogued or not, is a crime against modern humanity; and I resent and repudiate the indictment. Perhaps the time may come when all of us, taught by the horrors of this war, will succeed in writing histories that will properly subordinate military conquest to peaceful achievement and will distinguish between love of country and the swagger of intellectual provincialism.

ANDREW C. MCLAUGHLIN

Chicago, July 26

[We regret exceedingly that, through oversight, the letter to which Professor McLaughlin properly takes exception should have been published.—EDITOR OF THE NATION.]

Honor to Marshal Joffre

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The proposal of Mayor Hylan to name a street in New York after the victor of the Marne ought to meet with enthusiastic support from every American patriot, but it appears that this proposal cannot even be acted upon before December 1! Would it not be possible, in view of this delay, to include Marshal Joffre's name in the celebration in honor of Lafayette on September 6? It would be most fitting to combine our gratitude to these two military heroes—one of the past, the other of to-day. It would be a deserved tribute to the first general who won great battles for the Allies. It would make some amends for his retirement, which has been a great misfortune and was brought about by the personal envy of several political authorities in his own country. This injustice has been deplorable not only for the great Marshal himself, but for France, because it resulted in the disaster of the first German offensive, which that brilliant soldier, General Foch, who was named commander-in-chief after the loss of sixty kilometres of French territory, is now doing his utmost to repair. In this he is counting especially upon the aid of our splendid American fighting force, whose entrance into action was hailed by the great Marshal in a letter written by him in the *Echo de Paris* for the Fourth of July celebration in Paris, at which he was not permitted to make an official "act of presence."

We Americans cannot have forgotten the wonderful ovation accorded to the French hero on April 24, 1917, little more than a year ago, and described by the distinguished French philosopher, Henri Bergson, who was present, in these inspiring words:

> Wherever Joffre passed there was a formidable outburst of popular emotion, which has been held, since the beginning of the war, in a state of tension. From a distance, topping the ocean of heads, mothers lifted high their little children that they might behold, even for a few seconds, and fix forever in their memory the features of the hero of the Marne, the man who had stemmed the tide of barbaric invasion and saved civilization.

Is it not well for America, which has sometimes been accused of being fickle in her veneration of modern heroes, to keep in mind the living conqueror, who is still in full health and vigor, while doing honor to Lafayette, whose memory has always been held sacred?

AN AMERICAN RECENTLY FROM FRANCE

Saranac, New York, July 30

The Crescent Moon Once More

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of August 3 Mr. Garner comes to the defence of Hugh Walpole and tries to justify the latter's description of "a crescent moon rising in the east some time after sunset" by referring to the New English Dictionary to show that the word crescent may be applied to the waning as well as to the waxing moon. It is doubtful whether Mr. Walpole had the waning moon in mind; if he did, he was not felicitous in his use of language. The waning moon is crescent in the last quarter, when it does not rise until after midnight. The full moon rises at or near sunset, and thereafter through its gibbous and crescent phases it rises later each succeeding night. Thus the waning crescent moon does not rise until several hours after sunset, a lapse of time which we should hardly expect any one to describe as "some time after sunset." Neither Mr. Walpole nor Mr. Garner shows any great knowledge of the moon's course. Such slips are not of great importance, but they may contribute slightly to the gayety of nations.

EDWARD C. PEARSON

Lake Placid, N. Y., August 7

Harry Kirke Wolfe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On July 30, at Wheatland, Wyoming, Prof. Harry Kirke Wolfe, of the University of Nebraska, died of angina pectoris. Professor Wolfe, born in Illinois in 1858, grew to manhood in Nebraska, and in the University of Nebraska received his collegiate training. He studied in Germany (Berlin and Leipzig), 1883–86, being one of the group of enthusiastic young Americans of that period who worked with Wilhelm Wundt, and as a consequence introduced German psychophysics into American schools and in a few years transformed the teaching of psychology in the United States. Dr. Wolfe's own teaching, except for a few years in public school work and two years in the University of Montana, was confined to his alma mater, the University of Nebraska, in which he was the founder and developer of the departments of philosophy and education. No teacher in the Middle West has had a stronger or more beneficial influence upon the character and ideals of the teaching profession in all its grades than has he. Several of his students have become eminent in psychological work, while scores or indeed hundreds of common and high-school teachers owe their best qualities to him. Beyond all he was a man of the rarest personal charm and power, a teacher by native genius and endowed with a veritably Socratic magnetism for youth. His scientific publications are limited to a few monographic studies, but he leaves in his laboratory notes a mass of observations which, it is hoped, may prove the foundation of a series of valuable studies—work planned by him, but estopped by the sudden hand of death.

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A tragic regret attaches to the death of Dr. Wolfe. His name was among those idly and wickedly brought before the public in the recent University trial for disloyalty; and while he was, of course, freely exonerated, the sting of the accusation was heartbreaking to him. Of Revolutionary American stock, Dr. Wolfe was a man of purest patriotism as well as a nobly generous humanitarian. He was, moreover, gifted with such a wisdom of life that, even under trial, he could be gentle with false accusers. He was a true philosopher in his fidelity to the laws of life, and their brothers, the Laws of Death, will not reject him—laurels after the hemlock.

HARTLEY B. ALEXANDER

Lincoln, Neb., August 6

Imagination and Its Exercise

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Irving Babbitt's article in the *Nation* for February 7 on "Genius and Taste" awoke in my mind recollections of something said by Dean Church which seems to me to be a useful corollary to Dr. Babbitt's article. He is speaking about what he calls "a particular Providence" which he thinks a difficulty

> not of the reason but of the imagination, the same difficulty which gives to so many mathematical certainties the air of paradox.
>
> Imagination stands for very different things. It is common to think of it as only something wild, lawless, extravagant. Of course, it may be this; but it is also really a most prosaic and business-like faculty. "That forward, delusive faculty," says Bishop Butler, "ever obtruding beyond its sphere"; yet nowhere has it been more called upon to widen men's thoughts than in the reasonings of his great argument. Imagination is at once the most misleading and the most truth-bringing of mental powers. It amuses us with dreams; and it brings before us the realities for which words are imperfect or feeble equivalents. It is that which gives the power of holding together in thought a vast and intricate system, or the composition of forces and their reciprocal play, or the balancings and counterpoises and compensations of a subtle argument. It deludes, no doubt, the enthusiast and the theorizer; it plays tricks with the average careless thinkers among men; but it serves, as nothing else can, the mathematician, the discoverer, the man of science, the statesman, as much as it serves the poet and the artist. It translates formulas into that which the mind sees and holds fast. It raises a name or a symbol or an abstraction to a new and higher power, to a real and substantial thing, to a living whole. Give it a *substantial basis*, and the idea of it almost coincides with the Apostolic definition of faith, as the faculty by which we behold the future and the invisible, "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Now is not this "basis" of imagination almost exactly the same thing as *taste* as spoken of by Dr. Babbitt? Is it not precisely the supplying of a standard for creative action which makes the gift of genius human? Dean Church goes on:

> It is a failure of imagination which makes the difficulty. We do not bring to the mastery of the great question the completed equipment of our complex mental organization; we leave out that strange and powerful inward faculty, which sees when the eye sees not, and hears when the ear hears not, and feels and touches when nothing material sends its signals to the brain; which fills our abstractions with reality and life.

As I gather from the whole of Dean Church's teaching the nearer the creative faculty comes to the likeness, or better, to the actuality of the universal—as he says—the *eternal*, the more perfect and inevitable, necessary the form produced becomes.

C. F. SWEET

Tokio, March 23

Imperturbable

By CALE YOUNG RICE

THREE times the fog rolled in to-day, a silent shroud,
From which the breakers ran like ghosts, moaning and tumbling.
Three times a startled sea bird cried aloud,
On the wind stumbling.

But I cast my net with never a fear, tho' wraiths in me
And birds of wild unrest were stirring and starting and crying.
For I knew that under the sway of every sea
There is calm lying.

BOOKS

Spirit Communication

The New Revelation. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. New York: The Doran Company. $1 net.

The Dead Have Never Died. By Edward C. Randall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50 net.

The Reality of Psychic Phenomena. By W. J. Crawford. New York: Dutton & Company. $2 net.

Letters from Harry and Helen. Written down by Mary Blount White. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

Psychical Phenomena and the War. By Hereward Carrington: New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $2 net.

IF one may judge by superficial indications, the community's faith in a future life has been more stimulated by recent popular "spirit communications" such as Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond" and Elsa Baker's "Letters from a Living Dead Man" than by all that the Society for Psychical Research has been able to accomplish in the past ten years. The reason is not far to seek: what faith in another life demands is not "scientific" identification of departed spirits, but some plausible description of what the next life is like. The greatest stumbling-block in the way of faith is not lack of demonstration, but lack of credible material on which the imagination may work. The Book of Revelation furnished this for most of our ancestors, as "The Gates Ajar" did for many of our fathers. It is interesting to note that a fairly large number of our contemporaries are finding a substitute for these older books in the sort of "spirit communication" to which reference has been made. The list of such communications, of which the five books under review are typical, is constantly receiving reinforcements.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "New Revelation" may add to the persuasion of the already persuaded, but it will hardly persuade any one else. In fairness to Sir Arthur, it should at once be stated that he makes no attempt at persuasion by the introduction of new evidence. He does, however, attempt to present himself as a severe critic of all psychical research, converted only after years of the coldest skepticism; but the reader will draw from this account the conclusion that it was the writer of romances rather than the scientifically trained physician that finally gave in his adhesion to the claims of spiritism. The book leaves one with a rather poor opinion of the doctor's critical abilities. As a result of certain experiences and of

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very wide reading in spiritistic literature, all his critical objections were at last broken down, and he is now ready to accept everything spiritism claims, "from the lowest physical phenomenon of a table-rap up to the most inspired utterance of a prophet," including "the heaving table and the flying tambourine." The chief aim of his book is to show that spiritistic claims constitute a new and important religious revelation. Either many of the best minds of the present generation have gone stark mad or else "there has come to us from divine sources a new revelation." What this revelation is, in its main outlines, the author describes, pointing out the general agreement that is to be found between most of the spirit messages, and the ways in which the new revelation confirms and modifies certain Christian beliefs. Probably the most interesting part of his book is the description of the conditions and occupations of the next life, as portrayed in the psychic revelations. The book closes with an exhortation to the faithful to increase their faith, especially by the constant perusal of the edifying literature of the subject. "Soak yourself," he exclaims, "soak yourself with this grand truth."

Sir Arthur is himself so well soaked that it is to be feared that his book will be treated with little reverence by those who scoff at his grand truth. Still better material for ridicule is to be found in Mr. Randall's "The Dead Have Never Died." The writer has a pompous, dogmatic, conceited manner, and his asserted mode of communication with the spirit world will hardly appeal as trustworthy to any but the exceedingly credulous.

A very different type of book is Dr. Crawford's "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena." This is the only one of the books under review that deals with the physical side of spiritism, and it is characterized throughout by careful statement and a scientific attitude. The phenomena described recall Eusapia Paladino, and hence at once put the reader properly on his guard; raps of various intensity are recorded, some of them making a din like that produced by a sledge hammer, tables are tipped and raised without contact, etc. The unique element in Dr. Crawford's experiments consists in the series of careful measurements made and recorded. The medium sat upon a weighing machine, and her weight during the different parts of the tipping and levitation processes was carefully noted; and by the use of another weighing machine and a spring balance various interesting facts concerning the table during these same processes were obtained. The results of the experiments indicated (as might have been anticipated) that the medium was the source of the various activities of the table; thus when the table was raised, its weight was added to the weight of the medium with no additional pressure upon the floor immediately beneath it. In many respects the case which Dr. Crawford makes out for the need of a supernormal explanation is much stronger than that which the supporters of Paladino were ever able to present. Dr. Crawford's medium (Miss Kathleen Goligher) has never been caught in any attempt at fraud and has no pecuniary interest at stake, as she has never received a penny in payment for her work. She and her family (all of whom participate in the sittings) are ardent spiritualists and deeply religious people, to whose integrity Dr. Crawford testifies on the basis of many years' close acquaintance. The illumination of the room, though by red light, was apparently very much better than was used in Paladino's séances. The results achieved, moreover (if we are to believe Dr. Crawford), are such that they could not possibly be produced by the "Eusapian" methods of manipulation by hands and feet. In several instances a table or stool was raised several feet in the air and held there for some time, the space all around it, above, below, and on all sides, being clearly visible. The magnitude of the force operating upon the table was also extraordinary, and the particular kind of fraud used by Paladino seems here to be ruled out; but it does not follow that no fraud of any kind was practiced, even though it is confessedly difficult to suggest what kind of legerdemain might have been used. It should, moreover, be pointed out that Dr. Crawford's experiments were not as rigorously controlled as one could wish. Though the lighting was better than in most "physical" sittings, white light was rigorously excluded. Dr. Crawford was the only investigator present, and while he was watching the table there was no one to watch the medium and her family. In one respect there was less "control" than in the Paladino experiments, where observers were seated on both sides of the medium. No attempt was made to have any outsider hold Miss Goligher's hands or feet; instead of that two members of her family, themselves mediums, sat next her. As usual, no one and no physical body of any sort were allowed to pass between the chief medium and the table. Even if one accept all the results of the various experiments as impeccable and agree with Dr. Crawford that they demand some supernormal explanation, there is not one bit of evidence in his entire book to indicate that "spirits" had anything whatever to do with the matter. Dr. Crawford's own hypothesis is that the spirits somehow draw out from the body of the medium some kind of subtle matter, make rods and fingers out of it, and transmit "psychic force" along it. But if we admit the subtle matter and the psychic force, none of the facts which he reports demands any other "operator" than just the medium herself. Nor need this necessarily impugn Miss Goligher's good faith; for have we not always the "Subliminal" to which to appeal? Dr. Crawford has done a great deal in reopening the case for "physical phenomena" after its collapse through the exposure of Paladino; it cannot be said that he has proved anything further than the need of more investigation of a rigorously critical sort.

Mr. Carrington's "Psychical Phenomena and the War" is similar to Conan Doyle's book in subject and purpose, though markedly superior to it in presentation and persuasiveness. Its author has long been a student of psychical research and has brought to his work a good deal of critical ability. The outcome of his researches has been a skeptical attitude towards the physical phenomena of spiritism, but an acceptance of the psychical phenomena as the work of the departed. In the book under review he has sought to deal with all the psychical phenomena of the war and has therefore divided his volume into two parts, the first dealing with normal phenomena, the second with the "supernormal." His life-interest in the second of these, however, has naturally led him to get through with the first in rapid fashion (an example which his readers will be wise to follow) and to spend most of his space in an exposition of prophecies and premonitions about the war, apparitions and dreams of soldiers, clairvoyant descriptions of death, and communications from soldiers who have died. The value of much of the material presented could not be appraised without further data than the book provides, and

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some of the cases described are such as to make one wonder whether Mr. Carrington's former critical conscience has not been drugged by too much soaking in Sir Conan Doyle's grand truth. A few of the cases presented, however, are very hard to explain away, *provided* all the relevant facts are given us. If they are, the spiritistic explanation would seem to be almost forced upon us unless we take refuge in some sort of universal telepathy, or in that last hope of the bankrupt skeptic—perhaps somebody lied.

"The Letters from Harry and Helen" differ from the other books here reviewed in the tone which pervades them —a tone that is neither professional, scientific, nor pseudo-scientific. Harry and Helen are on the other side, and their letters were taken down by their (living) sister, who is no professional medium, but who suddenly learned that she had the gift of automatic writing; and the messages brought so much comfort to the bereaved mother and to various friends that it was decided to share them with the public. Whatever one's attitude towards their content may be, no one can fail to note their sincerity and simple directness, as well as the plausibility of much that they have to say. The letters contain no tests of identity or other efforts at demonstration; but give incidentally many details as to the nature of the new life.

The descriptions of the new life which one finds not only in the books here under review, but in nearly all the books of this sort that have appeared during the last five years, are often improbable enough; but there are two facts about them which must appeal as mildly interesting to any one who has had the task of wading (or skimming) through several thousand pages of this sort of thing. In the first place, their general agreement as to detail is rather surprising; and secondly, the almost universal omission of various things which one would naturally expect is somewhat notable. Since all or almost all of these books are written down by mediums who must have absorbed in early childhood all sorts of Christian views as to the next life, one would expect that in the trance state these ingrained views would dominate the descriptions of the other world given out in the automatic script. As a fact, none of them, so far as the present reviewer is aware, has anything to say of the "beatific vision," none of them puts the next world in "heaven" or "hell," and only one or two of them have anything to say about seeing Jesus. Instead of this, we find a pretty general agreement that the departed spend much of their time on earth, among their living friends; that there is no division of the good and bad in "heaven" and "hell" or elsewhere, but instead a division based upon present ability rather than upon past deeds, into less or more advanced "planes," with increasingly rapid "vibrations"; that the dwellers in the higher planes help in the instruction of those below them; that those on the lower planes spend much of their time coming to the aid of the dying; that their life on these lower planes is in many ways like ours here, some retaining their theological prejudices, and all being in need of further education; that while there is no money and no business on the other side, the pursuit of science and of art continues there as here, etc., etc. The list of agreements might be continued indefinitely, and coming as they do from such varied and independent sources, they seem to suggest some kind of theosophic tradition, handed on, as Professor James once proposed, through the subconscious processes of successive generations of mediums. But whatever one's explanation of the phenomenon, and whatever significance, or insignificance, one attributes to the content of the communications, the influence which this rising tide of *soi-disant* spirit messages is going to exert and is already exerting upon the religious faith of those on this side of the great divide should be a matter of considerable interest to every intelligent observer of the drama of human life.

Humor Alive and Dead

My Uncle Benjamin. By Claude Tillier. Translated by Adele Szold Seltzer. New York: Boni & Liveright.

The Three-Cornered Hat. By Pedro A. de Alarçon. Translated from the Spanish by Jacob S. Fassett, Jr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Tarr. By Wyndham Lewis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

AMERICAN publishers have been doing a pretty service to the cause of international understanding by giving us not only the war-books of Europe—friendly Europe at least—but her peace-books of the human-kindly order—not only chronicles of "Potterat and the War," but jolly and graceful little masterpieces of humor like Claude Tillier's "My Uncle Benjamin," and, but now, "The Three-Cornered Hat" of Pedro de Alarçon. Somehow we slapstick Northerners and Westerners have contrived to cling to the impression that the Gauls and the Latins are solemn folk—as if Rabelais and Cervantes had been mere "sports," without parallel and probably without appreciation in their own countries. Yet here are two worthy descendants whose sly and pleasant humor has survived half a century at home before venturing abroad among the barbarians.

If we wished to try to appropriate Claude Tillier, we might call him a Sterne without the leer. "My Uncle Benjamin," like "Tristram Shandy," is a man's book, with its reckless boyish high spirits and its boyish sentiment as well. Uncle Benjamin is a figure of delight, ". . . the gayest, funniest, wittiest man in all the country round, and he would have been the most—how shall I say it without failing in respect to my uncle's memory?—he would have been the least sober, if the town drummer, named Cicero, had not shared his glory. . . . Nevertheless my Uncle Benjamin was not what you lightly term a drunkard, make no mistake about that. He was an epicurean who pushed intoxication to the point of philosophy—that was all. He had a supremely elevated and noble stomach. He loved wine, not for itself, but for the short-lived madness which it brings, a madness which makes a man of wit talk nonsense in so naïve, piquant, and original a way that one would like to talk that way always. If he could have intoxicated himself by reading the mass, he would have read the mass every day. My Uncle Benjamin had principles. He maintained that a fasting man was still alseep; that intoxication would have been one of the greatest blessings of the Creator, if it did not cause headache, and that the only thing that made man superior to the brute was the faculty of getting drunk." The scene is a sleepy French village at the end of the eighteenth century, and the text is decorated with charming silhouettes which add much to the quaint attraction of the little volume.

Pedro de Alarçon was a brilliant politician, journalist, and novelist of the mid-nineteenth century. In the original preface a Spanish critic, Luis Alphonso, estimated "El sombrero

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de tres picos" with an enthusiasm which the continued fame of the tale has justified: "For a long time we have been accustomed to recognize in the novels of Alarçon his faculty of invention, his wit, and a subtle and enchanting spirit, French in origin and tradition, which he expressed with rare dexterity and ease. Now he has seen fit to reveal himself to us as a skilful painter of splendid quality, a most faithful and capable exponent of the best traditions of the Spanish school, as one accustomed to dip the pen of Quevedo into the palette of Goya. And it is the canvases of Goya, more than anything else, that this little picture of manners, this *genre* picture, as it is called nowadays, entitled 'El sombrero de tres picos,' most resembles. One sees in it the freshness and vigor of coloring of the creator of *Les caprichos*, his mischievous and easy-going types, his strong accentuations of light and shade, and his admirable lightness of touch." A mischievous little tale it is, founded on a folk-story which the author had heard repeatedly from peasant lips, and to which he succeeded in giving a delicate perfection.

Over against these two little jewels of humor we may set, for self-disciplinary purposes, an example of the very modern product of our current British school. Perhaps one ought not to take "Tarr" as a work of humor; but if not, how shall we take it? The author, Wyndham Lewis, is a painter and critic who has connected himself with the very newest movements in art and morals. He has been recently cited by that eager modernist, Ezra Pound, as a distinguished comrade in vorticism and other new preoccupations of "the serious artist." Somebody, according to the publisher, has pronounced "Tarr" "the most vigorous and volcanic English novel of our time." Perhaps it is—in terms of vorticism. To the layman it would seem singularly remote from anything recognizable as an English novel but for the accident that the English tongue has been more or less used in writing it. Its surface is that of a story of Paris by an Englishman in the Rusian manner. Its persons, members of an artist-bohemian set, out-Slav the Slav. Without exception, they are flighty, garrulous, emotional, full of words and empty of character. Perhaps it is well for us to be permitted a glimpse of an artist Paris other than the conventionally piquant *quartier* exploited by the late F. Hopkinson Smith and conspiring sentimentalists to-date. But we do not believe that Mr. Wyndham's Paris exists in this world or any other—if it does, it is not worth exploring. In short, we find this modern chronicle a rather dull rigmarole, glittering, here and there, with a bit of "realism," a nasty word, or what not. Tarr is a mouthing theorist, who cannot help lecturing even his mistresses. Much of it is brilliant, taken by itself. Behold Tarr, for example, the moment before his conquest of Anastasya (who is half-Russian), in full discourse:

". . . Anything living, quick, changing, is bad art, always; naked men and women are the worst art of all, because there are fewer semi-dead things about them. The shell of the tortoise, the plumage of the bird, makes these animals approach nearer to art. Soft, quivering, and quick flesh is as far from art as an object can be."

"Art is merely *the dead*, then?"

"No, but *deadness* is the first condition of art. . . . The second is absence of *soul*, in the sentimental human sense. The lines and masses of the statue are its soul. . . ." And so on. One may find this kind of thing in Mr. Pound's recent collection of essays, and we see no just cause for Mr. Wyndham's using a Tarr for his mouthpiece unless—dare we suspect?—in order to steal an audience wider than his professed criticism is able to command. Tarr is a dummy, as dead as Wyndham pleases; and we confess that, with a touch more of eccentricity and egotism, the Kreisler of whom he is proud as a portrait of the insufferable Teuton is as like him as a twin brother. If we are to share the author's ideal of a world of cosmopolites, we may at least reserve the hope that it may be peopled by human beings and not by gibbering monotonous bogeys and bores such as inhabit these pages. . . . If (and we are conscious of misgivings) the book is to be taken as vorticistically humorous, we must sadly maintain that its appeal as humor (in default of sane characterization and action) would have to rely upon something remarkably like a running "He-he!" from a slapstick showman.

Mediaeval Freedom of Speech

The Spirit of Protest in Old French Literature. By Mary Morton Wood. New York: Columbia University Press.

AN unusual interest for the general reader attaches to this Columbia University dissertation of Mary Morton Wood. Its title gives welcome evidence that students are seeking to examine and formulate the spirit of mediæval literature in the vulgar tongues. Of theses dealing with the form of mediæval poetry and with the complicated relations of this or that version of the same "motif," there has been no lack. But occasionally there appears a study such as this, wherein the remains of mediæval literature are treated as human documents, written by men who really had something to say out of their very hearts, instead of strumming upon the frayed strings of conventional heroism, adventure, chivalry, or indecency.

The didactic and satiric writings of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries furnish the bulk of the evidence set forth in this volume. These writings are in large measure the work of churchmen of an advanced or independent type; men who refused to admit that the organized system of social injustice and of the restraint of nature was part of the divine plan. We are taken here into the company of the distant forerunners of the Reformation and the Renaissance, those ground-breakers, some timid and apologetic, others bold and bitter, who performed for human society the valuable functions of an irreducible minority.

At a time when all humanity is tending to bay at command with the leaders of the pack, there is something very stimulating in reading the courageous protests of these old French thinkers. They are the mediæval representatives of that irrepressible and fearless intellectual activity which has marked the literature of France from Jean de Meung through Rabelais, Descartes, Molière, Rousseau, and Voltaire to George Sand and Romain Rolland. These writers speak not for France alone and for her aspirations towards social and intellectual freedom, but for all the commonwealth of yearning humanity. A righteous discontent, the first step towards enfranchisement, pervades their criticism, as voiced in the passages quoted in the original and accompanied by an adequate prose translation. The criticism is directed at five general abuses: absolutism in government, privilege in economics, superstition in religion, authority in thought, sex discrimination in opportunities. Much progress has been made in six centuries, but all these topics are still upon the carpet in 1918, and we may take many a

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leaf from the writings of those who dealt a blow for freedom and tolerance six hundred years ago.

Studies of this type, made by students of the vulgar tongues, should open the eyes of historians to the importance of consulting and quoting other mediæval sources than Latin documents. The defect of the Latin documents lies not in their authority, but in their limitation; they were addressed to a restricted and privileged class. The documents in the vulgar tongue, on the other hand, present to a larger reading public the daring ideas which had proved comparatively innocuous so long as they were expressed only in Latin and were read by a well-disciplined order. After protests against the existing conditions became current in the vulgar tongues, it was only a question of time when redress would be sought in action.

The conclusions reached in this study will not cause surprise to the observing student of old French literature. But the material is effectively presented and the conclusions drawn are sound. The selection of texts presented is varied and judicious. We quote one passage from the poetry of Gilles li Muisis, the Abbot of Tournai, for its naïve picture of student life at Paris:

> How beautiful was the great number of students! They dwelt together in lodgings, in garrets, children of rich men and children of weavers. From Tournay alone I saw at Paris six hundred and sixteen, each one well satisfied, for the whole city was proud of them . . . clerics came to studies from all nations and in winter they flocked together in many bands; . . . in summer they often withdrew to their own countries.

Experiences in Russia

Trapped in "Black Russia." By Ruth Pierce. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

My Empress. By Marfa Mouchanow. New York: John Lane Company. $2.50 net.

Surgeon Grow. An American in the Russian Fighting. By Malcolm C. Grow. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.50 net.

A Diary of the Russian Revolution. By James L. Houghteling, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.25 net.

Donald Thompson in Russia. By Donald C. Thompson. New York: The Century Company. $2 net.

Runaway Russia. By Florence MacLeod Harper. New York: The Century Company. $2 net.

RARELY has a great empire fallen so easily as did that of the Romanoffs in the March days of 1917, for apparently it fell like a house of cards blown down by a puff of wind. In reality, however, a hundred years of revolutionary protest lay back of those few days, the education of the people in revolutionary ideas had been carried on long and carefully, and two great wars had not only exposed the corruption in high places, but had also fatally discredited autocracy.

After seventeen months of so-called freedom, the Russia of to-day is harder to visualize than ever before. It refuses to fall into shape or be reduced to a formula. Experienced travellers who have recently traversed the country frankly admit their inability to diagnose the situation. One hundred and eighty million people, trying to work out an entirely new form of self-government, present at any time a difficult problem. But the problem becomes stupendous when those people speak a hundred different dialects, when only one in five can read, and when they are scattered over a territory comprising one-seventh of the land surface of the globe, with means of communication that have never been good and are now hopelessly confused.

Light is thrown upon one or another phase of the problem in these six volumes of simple narrative, of personal observation and experience. None makes any pretence of having either historic or economic background.

"Trapped in 'Black Russia,'" written by the wife of the agent of an American corporation in Bulgaria, contains some vivid descriptions of conditions in the Ukraine during the first years of the war. These little thumb-nail sketches have as their background "Holy Kiev," where "the sun shines through the dust of the day and envelops the city in golden powder; when the gold and silves domes of the churches float up over the tree-tops like unsubstantial, gleaming bubbles, and the bells fill the air with lovely, mellow sounds." There the recruits drilled and marched, singing their stirring soldier songs with fresh, untrained voices, while every day trainloads of them left unarmed for the front. Then came the terrible retreat, when the Russians, fighting only with clubs or with their naked hands, had to abandon the ground that so many had died to win. Reports came continually of waste, mismanagement, and enormous graft on the part of Ministers and contractors. Hospitals were full of the maimed and wounded; of the blinded, some with workmen's stubby fingers picking aimlessly at the gray blankets; and of the insane, still pursued by the terrors of the hell they had been through at the front. Pitiful processions of refugees seemed never ending. An indiscreet letter to her parents in America, graphically describing the horrors of the Jewish detention camp in Kiev, caused the author's arrest as a spy, thereby giving her considerable experience with the stupidities of Russian officialdom under the old régime.

Marfa Mouchanow, first maid-in-waiting to the Czarina from the time of the latter's marriage till her exile to Siberia, held a position of trust that brought her into the closest personal contact with the Empress during nearly twenty-three years. Discreet and faithful to the last, even pleading to share the royal exile, she loved her mistress deeply and never forgot that the sad-faced recluse of later years had once been the bride whom she thought the most beautiful girl she had ever seen when the Hessian Princess was married to the Czar of all the Russias. She frankly discusses the mistakes made by the Czarina from the beginning of her reign, but also shows the extenuating circumstances. Among these should be mentioned the first months of her married life spent in her mother-in-law's palace, from which dated the friction between the two women. Had the Czarina had a stronger husband or even one true friend in Russia, she would probably never have become to her people the hated "German." A devoted wife and mother, she possessed to an unusual degree the gentle art of making enemies. Proud, sensitive, tactless, sharp-tongued, and a skilful caricaturist, Alexandra alienated most of those with whom she came in contact. When she began to use political influence with the Czar, when she allied herself with Protopopoff and the worst forces of reaction, and allowed ridicule and hatred to drag her name in the dust, the end came quickly. The author reveals Nicholas II as a sober man in his family circle, but without courage or will-power. The Czarina expressed her condemnation of his cowardice by exclaiming, when she heard

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of his abdication, "He might in his fright at least have remembered his son."

Dr. Grow describes for the most part his experiences with the First Siberian Army Corps on the eastern front during a part of 1915 and nearly all of 1916. He pictures the bravery and spirit of that famous corps and the courageous way in which the Russian soldier met the difficult conditions under which he had to fight. Equally graphic is the author's account of the sad demoralization wrought in the army by the breakdown of discipline during the summer of 1917, when he revisited Russia on a mission for the Red Cross. He is regretful rather than critical; and after showing how they had earlier helped to divide the forces that would otherwise have swept on Paris, Verdun, and Italy, he concludes that, whatever their later failure,

> The Russians have done their bit. I recall the hundreds of thousands of lonely graves scattered over the barren fields and the dark forests and the gloomy swamps of Poland and Galicia and I know that these brave Russian lads did not die in vain.

The remaining three books take up details of the Russian revolution as seen by each of these writers, sometimes at great personal discomfort and risk. Particularly interesting are the accounts of the working out of Bolshevist theories as shown by Donald C. Thompson and Florence MacLeod Harper; the gradual breaking down of ordinary living conditions, the failure of food and other necessaries, the insecurity of life and property, the insolent demands of those who were seeking to make capital of class hatred, and above all the pathos of the position of those who had fought and were still anxious to fight for Russia, and who realized that their sacrifices were in vain. The best example of the general demoralization described is that of the American Red Cross Hospital under Dr. Eugene Hurd, of Seattle. Everywhere doctors were sent away, some barely escaping with their lives, and the wounded that were left had to be cared for by their comrades who would volunteer to help them. Anarchy, individualism, and the desire for complete equality ran riot throughout Russia. Men simply took what they wanted regardless of the cost to others.

While each of these books stimulates thought and contributes to a fuller understanding of the conditions underlying Russian life to-day, the reader will find very little constructive thinking in any of them. Their value is largely increased, however, by the illustrations to be found in all except the first of these volumes. The plucky resourcefulness of Donald C. Thompson has made him one of the most successful photographers of the war.

Contributors to this Issue

HESPERICUS is a well-known Canadian correspondent of English journals.

S. K. RATCLIFFE is an English journalist and lecturer, at present resident in the United States.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE is the head of the department of German in the University of Oklahoma.

The Art of the Photoplay

The Art of Photoplay Making. By Victor Oscar Freeburg. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

SINCE everybody goes in the end, we should stop abusing the moving-picture theatres long enough to understand the new art with which they have to do, and so discern what we have a right to expect and what we ought to want. Then possibly, if our discussion grows strong, the photoplay makers will hear us; certainly if what we have to say affects the box office, they will listen to us.

This is the underlying thought in the very practical treatment given the moving-picture situation in "The Art of Photoplay Making," by Dr. Victor O. Freeburg. Mr. Freeburg has already made himself known to some extent in this connection through his lectures at Columbia and certain articles contributed to metropolitan papers, and besides being familiar with the varied development of modern drama and with dramatic history, is obviously sensitive to the best canons of taste. Fortunately he is not disposed to waste vituperation either upon the producer intent on money-getting or upon that moulder of public taste, the tired business man. The fact that he meets even the rabble upon its own ground in suggesting better things of the sort it wants in the way of maximum entertainment and minimum thinking is one of the best auguries of success for the book. Moreover, the general reasonableness of the argument that the film-play art, being twenty-five hundred years younger than that of the spoken drama, may fairly claim more time for improvement and intelligent aid from spectators, cannot be denied. To these ends critics of sound taste are to be multiplied, careful studies of the art made and disseminated, didactic leagues once more made to serve their turn, and, in every way, a healthier public taste is to be developed.

The most suggestive part of the book is that presenting the large potentiality of the cinema art for imaginative appeal. The fact that its entire appeal—whether pictorial, emotional, or intellectual—must be made through the eye, influences the producer to show everything and all of everything rather than venture upon any delicate imaginative suggestion. The result has been the stifling of the imagination where it should be developed. Reducing the amount of detail in a given scene, implying a part of it as off stage, creating an effect of mystery by that of distance, dimness, or slowness, stimulating the auditory imagination to supply conversation, are only a few of the special means by which the spectators' imagination may be led along. No vigorous allegory has yet appeared in a photoplay, but Dr. Freeburg feels that symbolism would be at its best here, and that many of Maeterlinck's plays, notably his "Blue Bird," are better adapted to this form of dramatic art than to the other. The fact that the film play can disregard limits of time and space, place its actors in a natural setting, carry its spectators over the world with convincing reality and without fatigue, opens up large vistas of opportunity. Symbolism, impressionistic staging commensurate with some of the best contributions of Gordon Craig and Reinhardt in the stage play, seem to him possible in the cinema art, if as high artistic faculties and seriousness are brought to bear upon it.

The producer is not left, at the last, without his share of direct blame for the worst sins of the cinema play, although the remedy is left with the public. His insistence upon

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good "talking points" at the expense of fundamental unity of impression, disturbance of the plot to include popular devices, preference for "synopses only," so that he and his countless coadjutors may manipulate the plot to their own liking, and other similar faults, tend to remove the finished product far from the artists' original conception and to discourage his higher ambitions.

The book should prove immensely valuable both to aspiring photoplay writers and to thoughtful frequenters of the film theatres. Its fairness of tone will probably win it a friendly reception as well with any producer who is far enough afield to know of it and read it. It has no very high points of interest and no outstanding faults, but is throughout an excellent example of its kind, timely and significant.

Notes

LATE in August Harper & Brothers will publish "The Kaiser as I Know Him," by Dr. Arthur N. Davis.

Henry Holt & Co. will this month publish "Home Book of Verse," by Burton E. Stevenson.

September publications of Frederick A. Stokes Company are announced as follows: "Fast as the Wind," by Nat Gould; "Star in the Window," by Olive H. Prouty; "Human Side of Animals," by Royal Dixon; "Children of France," by June R. Lucas; "Lost Indian Magic," by Grace and Carl Moon; and "Stokes Wonder Book of the Bible."

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that "The Devastation of Europe," by Wilhelm Mühlon, will appear under the title "The Vandal of Europe."

MR. ROBERT WITHINGTON'S investigations in the field of pageantry were begun at Harvard University, and his volume, "English Pageantry. An Historical Outline. Volume I" ($3.50), is handsomely printed, with illustrations, by the Harvard University Press, which deserves credit both for the excellent topography and for the careful proof-reading. The word pageant has had a somewhat curious history. At first it designated a scaffold, usually moving, or a float or platform, and later came to refer to the exhibition which took place on this vehicle. All moving shows in which action and dialogue were unimportant might be included under this term. Certain elements of these shows, as giants, animals, and wild men, became more or less established conventions; indeed, Dr. Johnson suggested that the word might be derived from *payen geant* (pagan giant). The recent use of the term for community dramas or extensive *tableaux vivants* is, of course, modern, but these entertainments may be regarded as in some degree the successors of the old processional shows. Pageantry from the fourteenth through the seventeenth century has certain connections with the drama. The most interesting of these have already been fully treated, the connection with folk drama by Mr. E. K. Chambers in his "Medieval Stage," and the connection with the Court Masque by various scholars. These topics are consequently passed over hastily by Mr. Withington, and his first volume is given up mainly to "Royal Entries." Lord Mayor shows and modern survivals will apparently occupy most of his second volume. English pageants in connection with royalty have been fully reported in Nichols's "Progresses" and similar collections, but Mr. Withington traverses the field anew, noting survivals and modifications of the ancient pageantal material. The book will be valuable for reference for students of the subject. The material does not lend itself to connected narrative, but permits the overflow of a good deal of interesting information into the footnotes. These are very extended and contain much that bears on the varied bypaths of the main theme, such as the relation of the pageant to church ceremonies, to romantic and allegorical literature, to trade symbolism. The author confines himself to England, but introduces some notes on foreign shows, particularly those in France. More comments might have been expected upon the Italian processional shows.

THE sixth volume of the Elliott Monographs in the Romance Languages and Literatures is a critical text of one of the early monuments of Spanish literature, "El Libro de Apolonio" (Johns Hopkins Press; $1.50), a thirteenth-century metrical variant of the story treated by Shakespeare in his "Pericles, Prince of Tyre." This Milesian tale was one of the most widely disseminated fictions during the Middle Ages. The interrelationship of these numerous versions has been ably studied by Elimar Klebs. Professor C. Carroll Marden, accepting most of Klebs's results, has added greatly to the work of the German scholar. He agrees with Klebs that the Spanish poem is of Latin rather than of French or Provençal origin, and argues this thesis in a thoroughly convincing manner. In addition to the source study, the introduction contains the technical description of the manuscript and remarks on the authorship and date. The text is a model of conservative editing. As the editor had but a single manuscript on which to base his text, he has refrained from making any but obviously certain emendations. Corrections of a more hazardous nature will be offered in a second volume soon to appear. Here, too, will be presented a detailed, critical commentary of the "Apolonio."

MAJOR H. M. ALEXANDER'S "On Two Fronts" (Dutton) is a modest volume, as becomes a record devoted to the share that the Indian Mule Corps took in the early fighting in France, and later, in company with that other notable unit, Colonel Patterson's Zionist Mule Corps, at Gallipoli. It is important for the intimate sidelights it throws upon an obscure branch of the Indian Expeditionary Force, its organization, and the manner of men who composed it. We do not hesitate to recommend the book as an informal and rewarding text for all transport officers in our own army. Major Alexander's corps of Indian Transport, with its mules and men faithfully supplying ammunition under shell-fire, and always at the mercy of a cruel and unfamiliar climate, deserves a record all its own. While the whole story of the gallant services of the Indian troops in France remains to be told, here is a brave little record of a branch of the service, looked down upon even in India, where honors and rewards are only too rare. Major Alexander's pride in his men and mules is infectious: the simple story of quiet heroism, with plenty of humor illustrating the reactions of Sikh or Mussulman or Dogra of the north of India, from the moment they view the sea for the first time at Bombay, and are rendered *pūrrā* by its unexperienced motion, to their happy contacts with the French, offers entertaining reading. The ways in which the men made concessions in the matter of caste and food observances is something that the preoccupied West must some day appreciate along with their recognized valor. There are touching moments, too, such as the historic day

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when their old commander, Earl Roberts, shattered their homesickness with his appreciation in Hindustani; or the day they were told that from Calais they might view the legendary shore of that *wilayāt* to which they owed allegiance, and where many of them were destined to convalesce of "blighty" wounds. Major Alexander writes of his children with affection, of their naïve wonder when he took some of them up in the elevator of the Ritz in Paris, or their desire to sacrifice overboard one of their precious carts, mule and all, if only to see the wonderful, be-goggled diver recover it from Alexandria harbor.

THE methods of Germany's peaceful penetration in South America and the political ambitions but partially concealed behind them are set forth with considerable ability by the naturalist Emile R. Wagner in his book, "L'Allemagne et l'Amérique latine" (Paris: Librairie Félix Alcan). M. Wagner gathered his facts while on a tour of exploration in Brazil. Out of the many Germans encountered there he has selected, or rather composed, two types, Otto Rathbaum, the agent of great financial companies, and Field-Marshal von und zu Burdenthal. In the naïve revelations of these men he finds abundant corroborative evidence for the existence of Pan-German designs upon Brazil and the Argentine. Quite appropriately, therefore, he prefixes to his book Tannenberg's map of South America as it is to be reconstituted under German auspices. The author writes with an artistic feeling, which, considering his subject, would be rare in any one but a Frenchman. Plainly he is a poet as well as a "voyageur naturaliste."

THAT geographical location, physical characteristics, and the natural resources of a region have exercised a far-reaching influence upon the evolution of human society within that region are matters which are recognized and appreciated by students of environmental influences on man. That such influences, however, fail of due appreciation by the large body of students and investigators within the general field of economic and social phenomena will probably be admitted. With many the far-reaching and controlling influence of geographical environment upon man's life conditions is easily lost sight of and may eventually be entirely overlooked in the complex conditions which determine the progress of human events. Not so easily, however, is this influence overlooked in the workings of primitive societies, where life conditions are reduced to their lowest terms, so that the play of geographical forces may the more easily be determined. Within recent years, a number of scholars have shown in concrete form how man's life, under such simple conditions, has been profoundly influenced by physical or natural circumstances; and, further, it has been held that even under more complex life conditions to-day these influences still play an important part. A most interesting volume bearing directly upon this subject has been prepared by James Fairgrieve entitled "Geography and World Power" (Dutton; $1.50 net), in which it is shown that, throughout the whole course of history, events and circumstances have been controlled by those conditions and phenomena which are classified as geography. The author understands the term "controlled" to mean that the precise way in which human events have been worked out has been determined largely by the geographical factors in the environment. There are, of course, those who contend that racial characteristics are more determinative in human progress than geographical factors; but Mr. Fairgrieve shows that, in the long run, geographical conditions are more powerful in their workings than the genius of individuals, or even of racial characteristics, unless perchance the latter have been evolved by geographical controls. The author supports his general thesis by tracing out historically the development of nations (many of which are now extinct) under the influence of this or that type of geographical environment. The desert, marsh, and steppe, land and water routes, the plain, the oasis, and other typical forms of environment are considered in explaining the development of such civilizations as those of Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Palestine, Phœnicia, Greece, Carthage, Holland, Britain, and other countries in which a typical example of any particular control may be instanced. There are places where the reader may wish to take issue with the author, but on the whole the volume is sane, convincing, and stimulating. It will stand as an important contribution to the increasing literature bearing upon the influences of geographical environment in human affairs.

IN the preface to the eighth edition of "Jeanne D'Arc" (Macmillan; $1.35 net), the first of Mr. Percy MacKaye's plays to receive professional production some dozen years ago, the author utters a hope cherished by all lovers of French culture—namely, that our present admiration for France may be continued in the long years of peace by an interchange of our literatures. Perhaps Mr. MacKaye's play will acquaint a wider circle of readers with the idealism of French history. The present edition, it may be added, is printed from the same plates as the earlier ones.

A NEW edition of Bolton Hall's "Three Acres and Liberty" (Macmillan; $1.75 net), a book which soon after it appeared in 1907 aroused much discussion and caused many dwellers of the city to try "raisin' things," has been published. The author announces that "the book is intended to show how any one can trot off if he will," and sets forth many advances in methods and results in doing things and growing things. Some of the critics of the earlier volume are answered; revisions in tables have been made; and "the musty parts have been cut out of the book."

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Published Saturdays. Owned by THE NATION PRESS, INC.
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, President.
B. W. TOMLINSON, Secy. and Treas.

Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR.
HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, MANAGING EDITOR.
WILLIAM MACDONALD, ALBERT JAY NOCK, } ASSOCIATE EDITORS.
WILLIAM G. PRESTON, BUSINESS MANAGER.
MIRIAM R. WALTER, CIRCULATION MANAGER.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Four dollars per annum, postpaid, in United States and Mexico; to Canada, $4.50, and to foreign countries comprised in the Postal Union, $5.00.
Address, THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City.

LONDON OFFICE: 16 Regent St., S. W.; WASHINGTON OFFICE: Home Life Building; CHICAGO OFFICE: People's Gas Building.

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Art

The Leaning Campanile of Pisa

THE debated question as to the accidental, or constructive, bend in the leaning Tower of Pisa has engaged the attention of architects, engineers, artists, and even poets; but the humble bell-ringer whose practical experience in the belfry has taught him certain facts bearing upon the stability and behavior of masonry has not as yet ventured to intrude his views on the matter. An attempt to contribute towards the solution of the problem from this novel point of view may therefore be of interest.

A rare volume entitled "De Tintinnabulis," published 1664, by Hieronymus Magnus, contains a chapter about inclined towers, in which appears the only allusion, so far as I know, to the hypothesis of earthquakes to account for their irregularity—a theory condemned by him in strong terms. Indeed, if any such violent disturbance of the earth's crust had actually occurred at Pisa, some trace of the accident would doubtless have been left either in fracture of stonework or signs of masonry repair; while a record, or the legend, of so unusual a phenomenon would have survived.

The following is a translation of the observations of Magnus:

> There are those, however, who maintain that towers of this anomalous design were not originally constructed in the form now presented, but nodding, have become deflected and inclined as the result of damage by earthquake. Such persons, however, are convicted of unpardonable error by the very thresholds and doors; also the sockets at the various floors on which the scaffolding was sustained during the process of construction; for these parts are all level, not sloping, and stand true to the spirit level.

The highly improbable story attributed to Vasari, referring the deflection of the Tower of Pisa to gradual soil settlement during the work of construction, seems not to have reached the ears of Magnus, or else he deemed it unworthy of notice. Nor is it likely that this idea would ever have been seriously entertained had not Vasari given it the weight of his authority. As sailors do not add freight to a sinking ship, so artisans do not imperil their lives by piling additional weight upon a collapsing fabric.

Rehault de Fleury states that the foundations were exposed in 1838 by means of soundings and seem to rest on an infinite number of piles strongly buttressed; but no notice seems to have been taken by the laborers of the level of the walls. Inasmuch as the site of cathedral, baptistry, and campanile was a recognized marsh, it may be assumed that the artisans of that period made no botch of the job of pile-driving, which had then attained in Italy the highest standard, as shown in the public and private buildings of Venice. Indeed, there can be no question as to the efficiency of their work in the other adjacent structures whose foundations have been demonstrated by Goodyear to be level, notwithstanding curves and bends in the upper walls now known to have been purposely designed for optical illusions or perspective effects.

It is pertinent to inquire whether we possess means of determining the opinion of the architect and local officials as to the stability of the campanile at the time when it had reached its maximum height (178 feet), many years before its actual completion in 1350. To this question an unequivocal answer is embodied in the decision to install an exceptionally heavy peal of seven bells, of which the seventh, or largest, weighed about six tons. And hereby is revealed a factor incident to the matter of stability which has hitherto escaped attention. These bells were hung, five in the upper arches (one arch being left for thoroughfare) and the two smaller bells in embrasures above. Of these original bells the first, second, and fourth are still preserved. The latter is inscribed with the date, MCCDLXII, and is one of the oldest dated bells extant. It is important to observe that these bells were not affixed rigid to a beam, as American chimes are treated, but were fitted with headstock, wheel, and other appurtenances to provide for swinging. The bell ropes were brought down through mouse-holes in the stone work to the ground floor, and the grooves, inches in depth, worn by friction in these holes, indicate centuries of use.

Lofty structures such as towers and steeples are usually held to be sufficiently secure if built to withstand the lateral pressure exerted by the strongest gales. A more powerful force, however, is induced by the action of swinging bells; and this force is projected not only laterally, but to a much greater degree vertically, governed by a law of physics but recently comprehended.

To a series of experiments conducted by E. H. Lewis, M.A., we are indebted for the evolution of an algebraic formula by means of which can be calculated with considerable accuracy the horizontal and vertical reaction of a rigid body revolving around a fixed horizontal axis under the influence of gravity. By applying this formula to the action of a bell weighing six tons, its horizontal thrust is shown to be about thirteen tons, while its vertical force would be no less than twenty-three tons. It may be assumed, therefore, that neither architect nor bell founder would have ventured to jeopardize the integrity of so unique a monument by subjecting it to this prodigious battering strain had they entertained the slightest doubt as to its absolute safety; and the correctness of their judgment has been confirmed by its subsequent history.

Standing beside one of these ponderous bells when being rung at a canonical hour, I was able to discern, to my surprise, but slight vibration of the masonry, indicating a stability rarely met with in towers of similar dimensions.

In conclusion, this record of the bells, apart from all other evidence, justifies the assertion that no appreciable structural change has taken place in this edifice since its completion; while the supposition of accidental settlement during the work of construction, always rejected by the local inhabitants, and unsupported either by authentic documents or demonstrable facts, is not only untenable, but indeed has not even had the merit of plausibility. Bellringers, ever conscious of the possibility of disaster from fragile walls, do not undertake the management of swinging bells until assured of the stability of the tower in which they are suspended.

This mute testimony of the bells, therefore, chimes in accord with the opinion of Goodyear, the recognized authority on the asymmetry of mediæval buildings, that the obliquity of Pisa's campanile is one of many examples of intentional avoidance of regularity, a constructive *tour de force* for bizarre or picturesque effect, analogous to that conceded in case of the Leaning Tower of Bologna, and more recently shown by him to have been purposely designed also in the Baptistry of Pisa and in towers of Florence and Ravenna.

ARTHUR H. NICHOLS

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Drama

The First American Play

IN view of the increasing attention which the dramatic literature of America is attracting, one turns with curiosity to the first play to be written and printed in this country. Its title-page reads: "Androboros A Biographical Farce In Three Acts, Viz. The Senate, The Consistory, and The Apotheosis. Printed at Moropolis since 1st August, 1714." (Moropolis means Fool's Town, which is to say New York.) The sole surviving copy of which there is any trace is now in the possession of Mr. Henry E. Huntington, of New York city. Among its previous owners were David Garrick, John Philip Kemble, and the Duke of Devonshire. From the fact that the words "By Governour Hunter" have been written on the title-page in an antiquated hand, it is agreed that the author of the sketch was Robert Hunter, Governor of the Colony of New York from 1710 to 1719.

Hunter was one of the most able of the Colonial Governors, but he was not without enemies, and in "Androboros" he took occasion to pillory them ruthlessly. Before coming to America, his keen mind had won him the friendship of Addison, Steele, and other wits of his day, and in this satire he displayed a caustic and trenchant mode of attack of which the author of "The Dunciad" himself would not have been ashamed. The two persons most distinguished by the writer's ridicule were Colonel Francis Nicholson, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the colony, and Dr. William Vesey, Rector of Trinity Church. At the very beginning of his administration Hunter, though a good Anglican, ran foul of the Established Church by refusing to obtain for it grants of land, and by a seeming lukewarmness towards its interests. Dr. Vesey, pious but bigoted, charged him with plotting to turn the control of affairs over to dissenters, and used his influence to embarrass and oppose the Governor wherever possible. Vesey's chief abettor was the arrogant and overbearing Colonel Nicholson, whom Hunter accused of attempting to usurp his power. In the spring of 1714 Vesey, at Nicholson's suggestion, went to England to secure governmental support against his antagonists. It was probably this hostile act that called forth "Androboros."

The Huntington copy of the play, which Kemble conjectured to have been Hunter's own, contains a key to the *dramatis personæ*. From it we learn that the four main characters, Androboros (man-eater), Fizle, the Keeper of the Senate, and Solemn are disguises respectively for Nicholson, Vesey, Hunter, and Lewis Morris, who was Hunter's ally and may have had a hand in writing the sketch.

The first two acts reflect a number of contemporary events and conditions. At the outset we find the loquacious and incompetent Senate in session under the suffrance of the Keeper, whose domineering attitude recalls Hunter's tendency to dissolve the Assembly whenever it proved unruly.

Subsequently the Senate forms itself into a Consistory, presumably for the purpose of defying the Keeper. This body, as it sits in grave deliberation, is startled by the sudden appearance of Fizle, who has intentionally besmirched his robe and comes before the Consistory, blaming the Keeper for the outrage, and threatening dire punishment with the aid of Androboros. This episode was based on one of the numerous skirmishes between Hunter and the church party. In February, 1714, Trinity Church was broken into and the vestments were torn and defiled. In proclaiming a reward for the apprehension of the culprits, the Governor took a covert fling at the reputation of Dr. Vesey by declaring that the act must have been performed by "such as are avowed enemies of religion in general, or to the civil and religious constitution of England in particular, or such as for filthy lucre, or worse purposes, may have in appearance conformed to, or complied with either, but by their unchristian and lewd conversation, and their disloyal and seditious conduct, sufficiently manifest their aversion to both." In their wrath at this attack, the churchmen addressed a condemnation of Hunter to Nicholson.

While the Consistory is discussing the indignity which Fizle has suffered, an important message is received from Androboros. Earlier in the play he had blusteringly announced his intention of making war upon the traditional enemy of his countrymen, but now his dispatch states that the expedition has been abandoned, the foe having shown his friendship by offering to resign the two poles to the New Yorkers and to retain for himself only that which lies between. For this triumph the Consistory votes Androboros a statue. In these scenes the author was lampooning Nicholson's ill-starred attempt in 1711 against the French in Canada, with whom the colonists had been frequently embroiled. This expedition, which the Colonel had strongly advocated, and in which he led the land forces, proved a failure, for after the disaster which befell the fleet he retreated without striking a blow.

In Act III the playwright beguiled himself by depicting the complete discomfiture of his opponents. The Keeper's friend, Solemn, tricks Androboros into thinking himself dead. While under this delusion, he is made the victim of much horse-play; he is knocked from a chair, he is covered with floor-sweepings, he is sprinkled with water, and he is blinded with snuff. Thus deprived of his sight, he comes charging into the Senate room and runs upon the Keeper's chair. Now Fizle has so contrived it that this seat will sink through the floor when the Keeper takes his place. But the treachery proves a boomerang, for the weight of Androboros springs the trap, and both he and Fizle are swallowed up. Solemn pronounces their obituary in these words:

> In former Ages virtuous Deeds
> Rais'd Mortals to the blest Abodes,
> But Hero's of the Modern Breed
> And Saints go downward to the Gods.

The sketch, which in all probability was never acted, is obviously the work of a man who was not experienced in play-writing. None the less it possesses, especially in the third act, some ingenuity and effectiveness. Delicate the humor certainly is not, but it is abundant and at times has satiric point. The misreading of Fizle's petition by

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Tom of Bedlam, Clerk of the Senate, is fairly typical. In place of the conventional conclusion: "And your petitioners like as they are duty Bound, shall never cease to pray," Tom reads: "And your petitioners like asses as they are, in a durty pound, shall never cease to bray."

"Androboros" was hardly designed to allay the quarrel which engendered it. On the contrary, the friction continued for over a year longer until a sort of armed truce was eventually declared. But the play is of interest both as a mirror of certain conditions of its time and as our first political satire in dramatic form, a type that came to be frequently employed in the Revolutionary period.

ORAL SUMNER COAD

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

POETRY AND DRAMA

Furman, A. A. Martial Lyrics. Poems on the War for Democracy. New York: S. L. Parsons & Co. 50 cents.

Clapp, F. M. New York, and Other Verses. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $1.25 net.

Horizons. At Dawn and Dusk. Poems by Colin Tolly. New York: Hodder & Stoughton.

FICTION

Porter, G. S. A Daughter of the Land. Doubleday, Page. $1.40 net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Journal of Thomas Dean. An Account of a Journey to Indiana in 1817. Indianapolis: John Candee Dean.

NATURAL SCIENCE

Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College: Vol. 91, the Henry Draper Catalogue, by A. J. Cannon and E. C. Pickering. Vol. 83, Part 2, Observations and Investigations made at the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, 1917, directed by Alexander McAdie. Vol. 79, Observations of 323 Variable Stars, 1911-1916, prepared by Leon Campbell and E. C. Pickering. Cambridge, Mass.: Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College.

SOCIAL SCIENCE

Leffingwell, G. W. Social and Private Life at Rome in the Time of Plautus and Terence. Columbia University Studies in Political Science, Volume LXXXI, No. 1. Longmans, Green. $1.25.

Read, H. E. The Abolition of Inheritance. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Bailey, C. S. Stories for Every Holiday. Abingdon Press.

Bashford, Bishop J. W. The Oregon Missions. Abingdon Press.

Faunce, W. H. P. Religion and War. Abingdon Press.

Smith, N. K. A Commentary to Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. Macmillan. $6 net.

EDUCATION

Arp, J. B. Rural Education and the Consolidated School. World Book Co. 99 cents.

Ayres, M., Williams, J. F., and Wood, T. D. Healthful Schools. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Butterworth, J. E. Problems in State High School Finance. World Book Co. 99 cents.

Hamilton, C. A Manual of the Art of Fiction. Doubleday, Page.

Hughes, Thomas. Tom Brown's School Days. Edited by H. C. Bradby. Ginn. 80 cents.

Judd, C. H. Introduction to the Scientific Study of Education. Ginn. $1.80.

Judd, C. H. The Evolution of a Democratic School System. Houghton Mifflin.

Lee, A. Lessons in English. Book One. Charles E. Merrill Company.

Moore, W. N. The Law of Commercial Paper. Appleton. $2.

Thom, C., and Fisk, W. W. The Book of Cheese. Macmillan. $1.90.

THE WAR

Gaines, R. A Village in Picardy. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Lichnowsky, Prince. My Mission to London, 1912-14. Preface by Gilbert Murray. Doran. 10 cents.

MacNab, A. J. Individual Instruction in Rifle Practice. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co.

Massey, W. T. The Desert Campaigns. Putnam. $1.50 net.

Smith, Mrs. A. B. An Englishwoman's Home. Doran. $1.35 net.

What Every American Should Know About the War. A Symposium of the Leaders in All Branches of War Activity. Edited by Montaville Flowers. Doran. $2 net.

JUVENILE

Hunting, G. Sandsy Himself. Harper. $1.25 net.

Payne, F. N. Plays for Any Child. Harper. 75 cents net.

Thorp, J., and Kimball, R. Patriotic Pageants of To-day. Holt. $1 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Cruess, W. V. Home and Farm Food Preservation. Macmillan. $1.50.

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Summary of the News

THE Allied counter-offensive on the Marne has been proceeding so successfully that it would now appear that Germany has definitely lost the campaign of 1918. By using the large number of American divisions in France and his French colonial troops as an army of manœuvre, Gen. Foch has achieved one of the great strategic triumphs of the war and clearly has made it impossible for the enemy to enforce a military decision this year. The Allied line has been advanced not only between the Marne and the Aisne, but also farther north, on the front from Albert south to the Oise. The Germans were still holding the Chaulnes-Roye-Noyon line on August 11, and were stiffening their defence along the front from Noyon to Chaulnes. The number of prisoners taken in the Allied offensive in Picardy was estimated at 36,000 and the number of guns at 500.

ON August 6 the French and Americans on the northern bank of the Vesle maintained their positions in spite of strong German efforts to dislodge them, while in the region of Montdidier towards the Avre the French succeeded in capturing various positions between Braches and Morisel. On Wednesday, August 7, the French and Americans forced a passage of the Vesle between Braisne and Fismes and made local gains north of Rheims and in the region of Montdidier. On the same day Field-Marshal Haig began an attack on the southern side of the Lys salient on a five-mile front; while farther south, on the front east of Amiens, British troops regained positions previously lost to the enemy on the Bray-Corbie road. On August 8 the operations on the Amiens front were carried on so successfully that Gen. Haig broke the foe's line on a 25-mile front, gained seven miles, and captured 10,000 men and 100 guns. On August 9 the advance below the Somme was continued, and the Germans were compelled to abandon more of the Lys salient. On August 10 the Somme salient was pierced to a depth of six miles on a thirteen-mile front; Montdidier was captured, and 24,000 prisoners and 400 guns were reported to have been taken. On August 11 the British forces had advanced to Chaulnes, and the German reserves were vainly trying to halt the Allies, while along the Oise the enemy's positions were being threatened by the French advance.

THE Russian situation has grown increasingly serious during the past week, and the complications arising from the landing of Allied forces at Archangel and in the Murmansk region have led to a declaration on the part of Foreign Minister Lenine, of the Soviet Republic, that a state of war exists between the Russian Government and the Allied Powers. The Soviet Commissary for Foreign Affairs, M. Tchitcherin, explained that Russia was in a state of defence as regarded the Allies, but desired to continue her relations with them as she had done with Germany under similar circumstances, thus referring to the landing of Allied military forces in northern Russia. The British, French, and American Consuls at Archangel were arrested, but later were freed with the explanation that their arrest had been made for the purpose of protection. Meanwhile the British Acting Consul-General in Moscow, with six members of his staff, and several French diplomatic agents have been arrested in Moscow, where these officials had remained when the diplomatic staffs of the Allies went to Archangel, as reported in last week's record.

WHILE an official report of the landing of American and Allied forces at Archangel in Russia on August 2 was made to the State Department in Washington through diplomatic channels on August 5, a definite report is still awaited as to the statement made by the Allied diplomatic corps in Vologda prior to their departure for Murmansk to explain the attitude of their Governments towards Russia and the Russian people. British representatives at Vladivostok, Murmansk, and Archangel have, however, published a manifesto declaring that the Allies are coming as friends that want no territory, and that there is no intention of imposing a political system on Russia, which must work out its own form of government.

IN the Allied expedition in Siberia the Japanese general, Kikuzo Otani, will be the ranking officer and, in effect, commander-in-chief of the forces participating. Major-Gen. William S. Graves will be in command of the American contingent of about 10,000 men, and will sit in the council of Allied commanders. It is reported unofficially that the Bolshevist Premier, Lenine, has sent an ultimatum to Japan through the Japanese Consul at Moscow concerning Japan intervention in Siberia.

LOUIS J. MALVY, former French Minister of the Interior, who has been on trial for treason before the French Senate sitting as a High Court of Justice, has been acquitted of the charges of having communicated the plans for the offensive of April, 1917, to the enemy and of having given out information about the Salonica army; but he has been convicted of having "ignored, violated, and betrayed his duty" as Minister, and has been sentenced to banishment for five years, and, as a result of his condemnation, has forfeited his seat in the Chamber of Deputies. M. Malvy before leaving Paris for Spain, where he will spend his exile, addressed a letter to M. Deschanel, President of the Chamber of Deputies, in which he protested against the unconstitutional procedure of the court in trying him on a fresh charge after he had been acquitted on the charges on which the Chamber had sent him for trial. M. Malvy's trial has attracted particular attention because of his part in the "Defeatist" movement against which Premier Clemenceau has waged a campaign that was begun against the Bonnet Rouge group, including Duval and Bolo Pacha, who have both been executed, and that also involves Joseph Caillaux, former Premier of France, who still awaits trial.

NORWAY, Sweden, and Denmark on August 8 formally appealed to the United States to come to the aid of Finland, where famine is raging. The conflict in Finland between the Radicals and Conservatives, the general state of political disturbance, and the failure of the crops have brought about a condition where thousands will starve unless grain can be imported immediately. Eight thousand tons of grain are required at once, and this the Scandinavian countries, because of their own needs, are unable to supply. Norway, Sweden, and Denmark have declared themselves willing to accept the administrative control of any food that may be supplied, in order to assure this country that it shall not fall into the hands of the Germans; and the Finnish authorities state that a guarantee to respect such food control will be obtained from Germany.

HALF a million fighting men are being raised in India this year, according to an announcement made by Mr. Edwin S. Montagu, Secretary for India, in the House of Commons on August 6. Indian troops are playing the chief part in the campaigns in Mesopotamia, Palestine, and East Africa. Provinces from which few or no recruits had previously come are now supplying their quotas, and the June figures reached the record of 50,000.

SHIPBUILDING records in America were broken in July, when more ships were launched in one month than in any previous year. The Emergency Fleet Corporation on August 6 announced that 123 ships with a deadweight tonnage of 631,944 were launched in July, of which 67 were of steel, 53 of wood, and 3 of composite material. Forty-one vessels of 235,025 tons deadweight were completed in July in American shipyards and two vessels of 15,855 tons deadweight were delivered from Japanese yards. Since January 1, 1918, ships amounting to 1,719,536 tons deadweight have been launched. This magnificent achievement seems to give absolute assurance that the American military and food transportation service will not be hampered by lack of tonnage.

AT the same time the Secretary of the British Admiralty in London announced that the tonnage of merchant ships constructed in April, May, and June in the Allied and neutral countries exceeded losses from all causes by 296,696 gross tons. The total output for these three months was 1,243,274 tons, as against 870,317 tons for the first three months of the year.

RESTRICTIONS in the use of meat were abolished by the Food Administration on August 9, owing to the fact that the danger of a shortage has now been averted and there are sufficient supplies in prospect for the United States and the Allies. Economy in beef is still asked, however, and the public is urged to use lighter beef, of which there is an abnormal surplus, so that the heavier cattle may be exported for use abroad.

A NUMBER of important primary elections were fought out last week. In Kansas, Gov. Arthur Capper carried every county in the State for the Republican nomination as Senator, and Henry J. Allen, of Wichita, won the nomination for Governor; the successful Democrats were Senator W. H. Thompson and W. C. Lansdon for Governor. In Oklahoma J. B. A. Robertson won the Democratic nomination for Governor and Senator Robert L. Owen was renominated to succeed himself by the Democrats. In Missouri ex-Gov. Folk defeated Senator X. P. Wilfley for the Democratic nomination for Senator by 25,000 votes, and Selden P. Spencer defeated Jay L. Torrey for the Republican nomination. Two sitting Congressmen, D. W. Shackleford and W. P. Borland, were defeated for renomination. In West Virginia an extraordinary situation has arisen. Senator Chilton is only 14 or 15 votes ahead of his opponent, Mr. Watson, and an official recount is necessary to determine the outcome.

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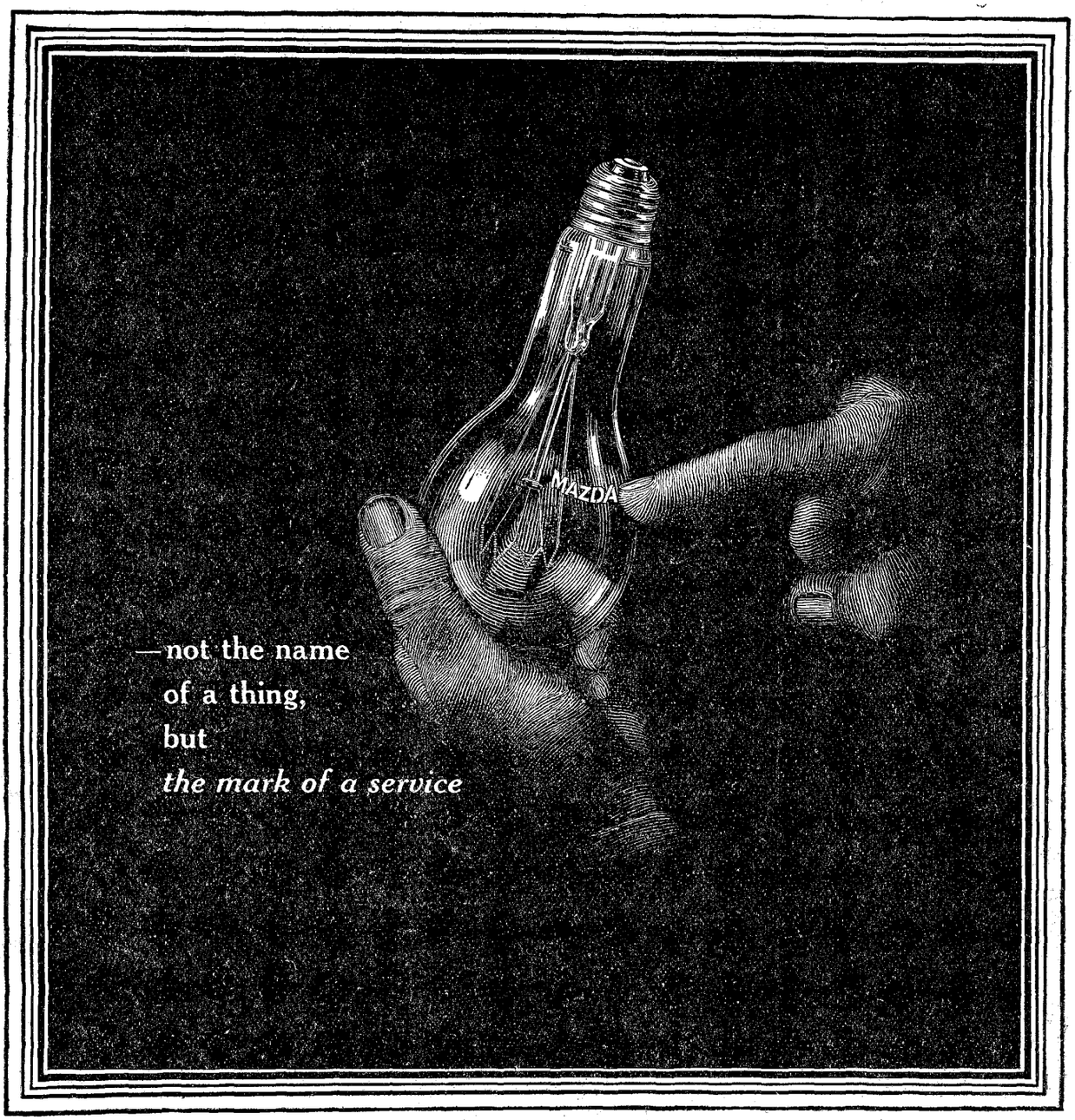

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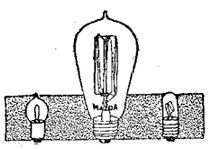

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